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BY H. A. McPIKE.
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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if you wish it. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

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GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING
&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises
COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,
of various styles and patterns;
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of every description and of best quality;
CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of
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Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Planters, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of
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PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; Liverpool ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; WELL AND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; Churns, Churn Dashers, WAGONS and CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice
GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I have for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS. Those who will favorably be
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
☞Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the trade, and give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article, because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.
HAY BROTHERS,
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
SHEET METALS,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
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PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
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McNEVIN & YEAGER,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
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—AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1104 Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.
ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
☞JOBBING FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

THE PEOPLE'S
HEARING and HAIR-DRESSING SALOON.
The subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he has opened a first-class tonsorial establishment in the building recently occupied by Judge Lloyd as a store, on High street, opposite the Mountain House, where he will be glad to welcome all who want to be shaved, have their hair cut, or do any other attentions in his line. ☞Ladies' and children's hair cuttings made into curls and switches, when desired. ☞Satisfaction rendered or no charges made. Please give me a call.
H. P. SCHAEFER.
Ebensburg, March 25, 1881.-1y.

Cuticura
The Great SKIN CURE.
Itching and Scaly Diseases, Humors of the Scalp and Skin Permanently Cured.

RINGWORM.
Geo. W. Brown, 43 Marshall St., Providence, R. I., cured by Cuticura Remedies of a Ringworm Humor got at the barber's, which spread all over his ears, neck and face, and for six years resisted all kinds of treatment.

SKIN HUMOR.
F. H. Drake, Esq., agent for Harper & Brothers, Detroit, Mich., gives an astonishing account of his case (eczema rodent), which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which speedily yielded to the Cuticura Resolvent internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally.

SCALD HEAD.
H. A. Raymond, Auditor F. W., J. & S. R. R., Jackson, Mich., was cured of Scald Head of nine years' duration by the Cuticura Remedies.

ECZEMA.
Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, Mass., permanently cured of a humor of the face and scalp (eczema) that had been treated unsuccessfully for twelve years by many of Boston's best physicians and most noted specialists, as well as European authorities.

MILK CRUST.
Mrs. Bowers, 143 Clinton St., Cincinnati, speaks of her sister's child, who was cured of milk crust which resisted all remedies for two years. Now a fine, healthy boy, with a beautiful head of hair.

FALLING HAIR.
Frank A. Bean, Steam Fire Engine 6, Boston, was cured of alopecia, or falling of the hair, by the Cuticura Resolvent internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally, which completely restored his hair when all said he would lose it.
Thomas Lee, 2276 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, afflicted with dandruff, which for twenty years had covered his scalp with scales one-quarter of an inch in thickness, was cured by Cuticura Remedies.

TREATMENT.
The Cuticura Treatment consists in the internal use of the Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the Great Skin Cures.
For Sunburn, Tan and Greasy Skin use Cuticura Soap, an exquisite toilet, bath and nursery sanative, fragrant with delicious flower odors and healing balsams.

CUTICURA
Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cts.; Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cts.; large boxes $1. Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Soap (the queen of medicinal and toilet soaps), 25 cts. Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, 15 cts. Principal depot, Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass.
☞All mailed free on receipt of price.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS
More continuous and powerful electric action is obtained from Collins' Voltaic Electric Plasters than any 82 battery made. They are a speedy and certain cure for Pains and Weakness of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Nervous Pains and Weaknesses, Malaria, and Fever and Ague. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass. (7-1.-1m.)

TO CARD COLLECTORS!
1st.—Buy seven bars DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP of your Grocer.
2d.—Ask him to give you a bill of it.
3d.—Mail us his bill and your full address.
4th.—We will mail you FREE seven beautiful and elegant cards, in six colors and gold, representing Shakspeare's 'Seven Ages of Man.'
J. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
116 South Fourth St.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
☞DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP is sold by V. S. Barker & Bro., Ebensburg. [4-1.-e.o.w.6m.]

STEEL BARB FENCE WIRE.
CHEAPER THAN WOOD.

(CUT FULL SIZE.)
One Wire Painted Costs but TEN CENTS per ROD.
Samples and Catalogues Sent Free.
OLIVER BROTHERS & PHILLIPS,
91, 92 & 93 WATER STREET,
114, 116 & 118 FIRST Avenue,
[3-27.-6m.] PITTSBURGH, PA.

$20.00 SAVED! $20.00

$20.00 SAVED by purchasing a SEWING MACHINE from the undersigned, whose office is at 1604 Eleventh Avenue, between 16th and 17th Sts., Altoona, Pa., and who offers the Editor of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN as reference.
J. McGRATH.
Altoona, April 15, 1881.-tf.

Dr. Jones' Taraxcanum Tonic,
or Dyspepsia Medicine, a vegetable compound whose virtues has stood the test of 40 years, is infallible in the cure of Dyspepsia, General Debility, Chronic Weakness of Lungs, Spleen and Kidneys, Short Breath, Heartburn, St. Vitus' Dance, pains in the Stomach, Back and Chest. Particularly adapted to all Female Diseases, no matter what the age of the patient may be. Price, 75 cts. Sold by Druggists. [7-9.'80.-1y.]

THE MAN WHO SPENDS MONEY
For advertising in newspapers in these times without first obtaining an estimate of the cost from GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau, No. 10 Spruce St., New York, is likely to pay $10 for what might be obtained for $5. Such estimates are furnished to all applicants gratis. Send 25 cents for 100-page pamphlet, with list of newspaper rates and references.

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-tf.]

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
☞Office at 1102 Twelfth street, in same building and immediately in rear of First Nat'l Bank.
Altoona, April 22, 1881.-tf.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $1 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

WE WERE CHILDREN ONCE OURSELVES.

One by one the white hairs glisten,
One by one the wrinkles come;
And the time, too, with their advent,
When we love a quiet home;
When the patter and the frolic
Of our little household elves
Makes us quite forget, my neighbor,
We were children once ourselves.

Once we felt the young blood tingle
All along our youthful veins,
As we roamed the fields and meadows,
Sped the ball, or held the reins!
Ay, so full of joy and gladness
Were our hearts in life's young day,
That we only saw the roses,
While the thorns werehid away.

Well, ah! well should we remember
How we loved the cheery song
Of the merry, merry skaters,
As we mingled with the throng;
How we loved the dear home trolics,
"Blind Man's Buff" and "Busy Bee,"
Or the quiet games at evening—
Mother looking on to see.

Dear old days of happy childhood,
Full of joy, with little pain!
They are gone, and tho' we miss them,
They shall ne'er return again!
Let us, then, though growing older,
Like the books upon our shelves,
Ne'er forget, my friend and neighbor,
We were children once ourselves.

WAS IT A DREAM.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

On the 26th of August, 1862, I was in the Union army, and the regiment to which I belonged was deployed as skirmishers in front of Longstreet's (Confederate) corps, not far from Gainesville, Va. During the day there was desultory firing on the part of the opposite forces, but no sustained engagement, although we continued to press upon the enemy until darkness settled down and put an end to further manœuvers.

At nightfall, I with four or five companies of my command, remained in the position occupied by them during the day, while the rest of the regiment, detailed for picked duty advanced to the front.

I was in excellent health and spirits, but being greatly fatigued, fell asleep almost immediately after the arrangement for the night had been perfected, and soon began to dream.

For some considerable time my mind wandered over the events or dwelt upon scenes which were familiar, and which, upon awakening, I found no difficulty in locating.

After a while, however, I wandered into a dreamland where all seemed strange. I fancied myself in a line of battle with my comrades lying in a piece of timber fringing an open field of some considerable extent, the farther side of which sloped gently forward forming a ridge parallel to our front. Upon the ridge I could distinguish something like a dozen canons, and could see the Confederates artillerymen resting upon the earth or lounging in little groups with their guns, as distinctly as I could have done with my natural vision.

I could almost perceive the puffs of smoke from the rifles of the enemy's sharpshooters and hear the reports of their firearms, and the ding and thud of the bullets. I might here mention, as a further description of the field, that the wood in which we lay was quite clear of underbrush; that we occupied the edge nearest the foe, with a rail fence between us and the cleared space of which I have spoken, and this fence some three hundred yards, more or less, to our right turned off at a right angle and ran quite up to the Confederate line. As was the case where we lay, so it was on our right. The fence separated the cleared field from the timber, which latter constituted two sides of a parallelogram, the angle being, as already observed, not far from the right wing of my regiment.

While I was taking in these details, and experiencing meanwhile the peculiar sensation which sometimes annoy even old campaigners when compelled to remain inactive under a drooping fire, I thought an order came for us to charge the batteries before us.

The regiment arose, formed in line, and started out from the timber, and instantaneously the guns upon the heights beyond opened fire. As we passed on I saw men fall as though killed or wounded, and heard all the various sounds and din of battle.

About midway in our line, running parallel with our line, I noticed a depression commonly called by farmers a "dead-furrow"—it being the "finishing off" place in ploughed fields. We passed over this and continued our charge across the open space and up the slope almost to the very muzzle of the cannon—comrades falling by scores at every step—and then, all at once, we seemed to be enveloped in impenetrable darkness. My senses were left blank. The next moment, however, light returned and I was lying on the ground, fighting still going on about me, but whether wounded or not, my dream, or what ever it was, did not inform me.

While thus prostrate and helpless, I gazed about me and saw, a short distance in the rear of the guns, a small cabin, ano in its gable, which was towards me, a window.

About the building were grouped many wounded men, some standing, and others lying down. In the immediate vicinity of myself there seemed to be hundreds who had fallen in the contest.

Casting my eyes in the direction from which we had come, I beheld the remnants of my command in full retreat. I also noticed the sun, which was shining brightly, and appeared to in the vicinity of an hour above setting.

At this point I was awaked from my slumber, and learned the time to be about 2 P. M., of August 20. Having my dream, as I considered it, in my mind, I made inquiries and ascertained that during my nap everything had remained unusually quiet, only a few shots having been exchanged on the picket line.

An hour after we were on the march to Manasses and the battlefield of Groveton.

I must really confess that the realistic character of my excogitations during sleep affected me considerably, and all the more because the scenery depicted was altogether strange. My memory, though questioned to the uttermost, failed to recall any locality through which I had ever passed that all resembled it. Consequently I felt unusually gloomy and depressed in spirits, and all the morning carried in my heart a presentment, the nature of which can scarcely be described, of approaching evil.

The old battle-field of Bull Run was reached early in the forenoon, and about 12 m. we were advanced a mile or so to the northward, where we were assigned our position in the line of battle then forming.

The station occupied by my regiment happened to be in a timber skirting an open field, which terminated at a distance of some 500 or 600 yards in front of us in a ridge crowned with several Confederate batteries, the guns in plain sight.

The enemy's sharpshooters lay by their artillery, concealed from view, but the puffs of smoke from the muskets sufficiently indicated their locality, and disclosed the fact that our opposite lines were parallel.

On our left the country was open, out in the opposite direction, beginning at a distance of some three hundred yards from our right, the timber extended up to and beyond the ridge already described.

The excitement consequent upon the fighting going on about me and the skirmish firing drove the dream temporarily out of my mind, although its impressions were allowed to remain.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, as I should judge, we were ordered to charge the position in our front; and the various regiments of the brigade, my own occupying the second place from the left, advanced to the dangerous undertaking.

Moving from our place of shelter, we were greeted with a severe shower of grape, canister or shell, the first discharge of which encountered us as we were climbing or in some manner getting over or past a worn fence of five or six rails high, and which had intervened between ourselves and the cleared field beyond.

When about half the distance of the ridge had been traversed, one of the men nearest to me fell; and although going at a double quick, I noticed as I hastily glanced down at him, that he had fallen in a "dead-furrow;" but yet the event of the night previous did not recur to me. I was thinking of something else about that time.

We charged ahead and reached the hill The enemy's gunners fled.

The crest was almost gained, as we (for at least, I) thought, when suddenly I found myself in total darkness. A pressure upon my throat, a ringing in my ears as though my head was plunged in a stream of running water; a sensation of dizziness, numbness, suffocation, and of falling, and then a shock as I struck the ground; how well I remember it all now.

The concussion of the fall seemed to restore my sight (consciousness had never left me) and to this day the incidents then transpiring are as fresh as though they had occured within the year.

For instance: While I was momentarily reeling, just at the time of being hit, preparatory to a fall over backward, I heard a comrade remark: "There goes——" (mentioning my name,) and I remember thinking, even on my way down to kiss Mother Earth with the back of my head, that I was "gone," instead of going.

But to continue: So soon after falling as possible, I constituted myself a board of survey to assess the damages sustained, and forthwith entered upon the investigation.

I found that, as a personal matter, the injuries were quite serious—a minnie ball having penetrated my throat, passed between the jugular and windpipe, and found an exit at the back of my neck, quite low down, and close by the spine which is slightly fractured.

After making up and sending in this report, and doing what I could to stop the flow of olood by forcing into the wound some lint, and a handkerchief I fortunately had with me, I crawled, as best I could, in my paralyzed condition, to a more sheltered position, which, however, was exceedingly difficult to find.

It was the hottest place I was ever in, and hotter than I hope for in the future. The losses were terrible, more than half my comrades being either killed or wounded, the other regiments of the brigade suffered in proportion.

Speaking of hot places in a battle, one does not—cannot—understand what they are until he is struck down on the field, there to lie, utterly helpless, while bullets are humming and singing like ten hundred thousand swarms of bees, pattering on the ground and casting up little puffs of dust and dirt, as the rain-drops during a heavy shower do on the waters of a lake, or crushing into the bone or striking with a dull thud the quivering flesh—while, grape and cannister shot and shell are howling, hissing, screaming over and about his prostrate form—I say one must need experience all these things in order to fully understand the meaning of the term "a hot place."

Then, if he thinks at all, he will be inclined to believe that the cauldron of hell, with the cover off, is but an ice cavern compared to the particular locality fate has fated him to occupy. The fighting continued only a short time after I fell; but before it was thoroughly over, still in search of a place of safety, I dragged myself into a cut of an abandoned railroad, which ran along its hillside almost at its summit, and where the Confederate army had lain. As I did this I caught sight of a small cabin standing just beyond the batteries we had so vainly tried to capture.

I could perceive the roof, and as low down as the eaves. The gable stood facing me and in it was a small window.

At this moment I remembered my visions of the previous night. Instinctively I turned and looked in the direction of my comrades. They were in full retreat, followed up by the victorious foe. The sun was low down in the heavens, just as I seen it in my sleep.

Soon afterward the Confederates carried me back to the cabin. Hundreds of our wounded were there as well as the enemy's, besides a large number of men who had died. Everything corresponded with what I had gazed upon four hours before.

The vision was verified. Now comes the curious feature of the case. The nearest I had ever been to the locality described, previous to the day on which I was wounded, was upon the old Bull Run battle-field, some two miles distant, and from which it was absolutely impossible to get a limited view of the field upon which I lay. I had never seen a sketch or a photograph of the country. These are facts upon controversy. How then is the matter to be explained? Was it simply a coincidence, or was the circumstance to be properly classed among those strange cases of "second sight," of which we read?

I can understand an ordinary dream, for the visions which it brings to view are almost invariable based upon some incident of the past. The visions may be grotesque or distorted, but yet, if we search long and carefully enough, we can reasonably account for them. As heat will restore the date on a coin otherwise undistinguishable, so sleep will frequently restore, through the agency of dreams scenes and events long since forgotten and gone from the recollection during waking hours. But if the coin never bore a date, then nothing exists to be restored. And if there be no foundation in fact, how can a simple dream bring to view scenes through which the dreamer subsequently passes that are verified in every important particular by his actual experience?

It is a knotty problem, and one I have tried again and again to solve, but without success.

The facts are submitted as they actually presented themselves in my case, and let him who can, or thinks he can, furnish the key that shall explain them satisfactorily.

REWARD FOR KIND WORDS.

Noah Winslow, of Boston, was fond of telling the following incident of his mercantile life:

During the financial crisis and crash of 1857, when heavy men were sinking all around us, and banks tottering, our house became alarmed, in view of the condition of its own affairs.

The partners—three of us, of whom I was the senior—met in our private office for consultation. Our junior had made a careful inventory of everything—of his bills receivable and bills payable, and his report was, that $20,000 of ready money, to be held thro' the pressure, would save us. Without that we must go by the board—the result was inevitable. I went out upon the street, and among my friends, but in vain.

Two whole days I strove, and begged, and then returned to the counting house in despair. I sat at my desk, expecting every moment to hear our junior sounding the terrible words, "Our paper is protested!"—when a gentleman entered my apartment unannounced. I could not locate him nor call him to my mind any way.

"Mr. Winslow," he said, taking a seat at the end of my desk, "I hear you are in need of money."

The very face of the man inspired me with confidence, and I told him how I was situated.

"Make your individual note for one year, without interest, for $20,000, and I will give you a check, payable in gold, for that amount."

While I sat gazing upon him in speechless astonishment he continued:

"You don't remember; but I remember you. I remember when you were a member of the superintending school committee of Bradford. I was a boy in the village school. My father was dead; my mother was poor; and I was but a shabbily clad child, though clean. When our class came out on examination day, you asked the questions. I fancied you would praise and pet the children of rich and fortunate parents, and pass me by.

"But it was not as I thought. In the end you passed by all the others, and came to me. You laid your hand on my head, and told me I did very well; and then you told me I could do better still if I would try.—You told me the way to honor and renown was open to all alike, no one had a free pass. All I had to do was to be resolved and push on. That, sir, was the turning point in my life. From that hour my soul was inspired, and I have never reached a great good without blessing you in my heart. I have prospered, and am wealthy; and now I offer you but a poor return for the soul wealth you gave me in that by-gone time."

"I took the check," said Winslow, "and drew the gold; and our house was saved.—And where, at the end of the year," he added, "do you suppose I found my note?"

"In possession," he said, "of my little orphaned granddaughter! Oh, hearts like than man's are what bring earth and heaven nearer together!"

A Romance of Real Life.—A Hungarian paper, under the title of "A Novel Ready Made," tells the following story as one that will shortly have to be told in a law court at Budapest:

"In 185– a merchant of that town whose name was S—— had a son whose extravagance giving him great trouble he thought it best to obtain him a commission in the Austrian army. The young man had risen to the rank of lieutenant when the war of 1859 broke out. Being sent against the Piedmontese he thought proper to desert the enemy, but on the first engagement he was captured by the Austrians, and would at once have been brought before a court-martial if he had not fallen dangerously ill of fever. On the day of the battle of Magenta he lay in the military hospital there. The hospital was hastily evacuated by the Austrians after the battle, the patients who were sufficiently recovered, were hurriedly removed, and the rest abandoned to the mercy of the French. There was thus left behind in one room the young S—— and a lieutenant-colonel of Spanish origin, Count Rodriguez by name. Between the departure of the Austrians and the arrival of the French, the latter died, and young S—— felt himself strong enough to make such alterations in the arrangements of the room as should indicate that he himself was the Count Rodriguez.—The peace of Villafranca found him restored to health and liberty, and in the possession of Count Rodrigez's papers, cash and name. With this stock in trade our hero set up as a man of fashion in St. Petersburg, where he gained the heart of the daughter of a Russian Rear Admiral——, whom, with her father's consent, he married. When the young wife was about to become a mother the false count proposed that they should visit his ancestral home. He did not however, take her any further than Hamburg, whence he wrote to his father-in-law to the effect that the home of his ancesters was, in the French sense of the word, a *chateau en Espagne*, that his real name was S——, and that he was in urgent want of funds. The Admiral at once started for Hamburg; but on his arrival found his son-in-law had died of the small-pox. From the papers left behind him by the deceased it appeared that he was the son of a merchant at Budapest—a fact which became more interesting to his father-in-law from his accidentally reading an official advertisement calling upon the long-lost S—— to appear and claim a large inheritance left him by an uncle, as in case of his not appearing it would be distributed among the collateral relations."

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered snowy flakes on her brows, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful still? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world; the eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance that never can fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but, feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other person on earth. You cannot enter a prison whose bars can keep her out? You cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss you in evidence of her deathless love when the world shall despise and forsake you; when it leaves you by the wayside to perish unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her arms and carry you to her home, and tell you of all your virtures until you almost forget your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer the declining years with holy devotion.

Only a woman's hair, binding the now to to the past; only a single thread, too frail to last. Only a woman's hair, threading a tear and a sigh—only a woman's hair found today in the pie!

An article in an agricultural paper is called "How to Eat Strawberries." A man who doesn't know how to eat strawberries should be compelled to live on dried apples and salt mackerel.

A STORY OF MISERY AND WOE.

A more honest fellow than Pennington Smythe never lived. He was young—say twenty two or three—full of a large assortment of honest enthusiasms, possessed of an unlimited belief in the goodness of human nature, and absolutely incapable of falsehood.

And yet, curiously enough, he had a passion for mysteries. Although practically a common place Presbyterian, he nevertheless affected to believe in the mysteries of Rosicrucianism. He was perpetually striving, with conspicuous want of success, to magnetize his friends, and although he was too orthodox to believe in Spiritualism, he lived in constant hopes of inducing his washstand to move and his writing table to rap by the patient contact of his tireless hands. As for secret societies, they were his delight. He belonged to every ancient and venerable order of very modern mechanics and grocerymen in existence, and kept locked up in his trunk more flaring gilt badges and fantastically trimmed aprons and horse-collars than would have sufficed to purchase the sovereignty of a dozen African kingdoms.

And there never was a more honest and straight forward little girl than Mary Morris, to whom Smythe was engaged to be married. She was just out of boarding-school, and her respectable father—in the wholesale lard business—and her equally respectable mother—in the wholesale family business—and all her thirteen brothers and sisters of assorted sexes were ready to swear—or affirm, as the case might be—that Mary was as good as gold and many times as valuable.

The engagement of these two young persons was with the full approbation of the elder Smythes and Morrises. Young Pennington was expected to spend three evenings every week with his betrothed, and they were always accommodated with a convenient back parlor in which to converse after the manner of their kind. In these circumstances Pennington Smythe ought to have been happy, but he was not. There was no mystery about this love affair, and the fact weighed upon his spirit.

He did what he could to convince himself that the respectable old Mr. Morris, who used to say when Pennington made his appearance, "Now, you children, keep out of that back parlor, and give Mary and her young man a show," was bitterly opposed to the match, and must be kept from perceiving that his daughter was beloved by her "young man." But the only possible way which he could devise to throw an air of secrecy over the affair was to write notes to his beloved in a very cramped hand, and to deliver them himself. Usually he had to read them, too, since his handwriting was too mystical to be readily deciphered, and when they were read they usually contained nothing but an amplification of the innocuous idea that he, Pennington Smythe, proposed to love her, Mary Morris, in spite of every obstacle. As there were no conceivable obstacles this statement was not one of tremendous moment; but still it gave young Smythe no little comfort to make it in writing and deliver it with an air of immense secrecy.

One day a happy thought struck him.—How delightful it would be to correspond with his darling in cipher. This idea filled him with a calm, mystical joy that was really a first class sensation. So he devised a cipher of the kind so much in vogue among school girls, and which consisted in substituting one letter for another, and instantly wrote a brief note to Mary. This he carried to her the same evening, together with the key, and attained the seventh heaven of mystical delight in transmitting it to her.

Poor Mary suffered much from this cipher. It was very hard work for her to write an intelligible letter with the new alphabet. She continually made mistakes in it, and so kept Pennington out of his bed for hours, while, with locked doors and shaded windows, he tried to decipher some such sentence as, "I do so long to see you. It was only when mistakes were made in the use of this cipher that it became at all difficult of comprehension to an ordinary reader. Poor Pennington had not devoted much attention to the subject of cryptography, or he would have known that there is nothing more transparent than a cipher which merely consists of the substitution of one letter for another.—He was, however, soon to learn this fact in a very unpleasant way.

One evening Mary dropped a note which she had received by mail, and it was picked up by her father. The old gentleman was wild with horror. There was his trusted daughter actually corresponding with some unknown villian in cipher. Obviously the cipher must have some shameful secret.—He sat in his arm-chair with the open note in his hand, and serious thoughts of immediate apoplexy in his mind, when his son Tom, a young fellow just home from college, entered, and, frightened at his father's expression of face, asked and received an explanation.

Tom was a bright young fellow, and he at once remarked that it was hardly worth while to take to apoplexy until it was really apparent that the mysterious note contained something wrong. He suspected that it was written by the mystery loving Smythe, and he did not doubt his ability to read it. The note was as follows:

CRSM PSMX: H TBDS XBC SYC ST-FSXH FHTT. OSYYAYDUBY NPXUIS.

In less than ten minutes Tom had translated this innocent mystery into the words: "Dear Mary, I love you and always will. Pennington Smythe," and thus banished his father's doubt and wretchedness. However, the old man was angry enough to desire to give the unfortunate Pennington a lesson which he might remember. So when the young man made his usual evening call he was awaited in the parlor by the incensed father and his greatly amused son, and addressed in the following stern and cruel words:

"Mr. Smythe, what do you mean by writing to my innocent daughter in such infamous style as this, sir?" and he shook Pennington's letter before his astonished eyes.

"Sir," replied the youth, "it is not infamous. It is an entirely proper note. All the world might see it."

"Then why the devil did you write it in this outlandish lingo?" returned the father.

"She is not to blame," hastily urged Pennington, judiciously shirking the main question. "I assure you she never can read them without my help, and when she writes them she makes so many mistakes that often I can't make head or tail of them."

"By 'them' I suppose you mean the letters written in cipher," replied Mr. Morris.—"Well, I won't add to your trouble. Only let me advise you not to write any more cipher notes, my boy. Tom, here, read your note almost as easy as if it had been written in print. There, go along, now, and don't be silly again—at least any more than you can help, you know." And the old man, quite recovered from his anger, went laughingly away.

Pennington lingered. "Is it really true, Tom, that you could read it without a key?" he doubtfully asked.

"Of course I could. Why, Pen, there is nothing easier to read than that sort of cipher. If you will write in cipher—and I don't see why you shouldn't if you want to, though you'll find it beastly tiresome—I can tell you of a cipher that no one can possibly translate."

"If you would be so very kind," murmured Pennington.

"Why," continued Tom, "you select some book. Then out of the words in this book you make your cipher. For, instance you want to write 'dear,' as I suppose you do, and you find it, say, on the twelfth page of the book, in the second line from the top and the third word in the line. You then represent it by the numbers 12, 2, 3. And so with the rest of your note. You see, no human being could possibly read it unless they happened to guess what book you used."

Pennington was overjoyed at this delightful plan, and, thanking Tom warmly, hastened to unfold the new cipher to Mary—He felt at perfect liberty to disregard Mr. Morris's advice not to write in cipher, for he now decided that Mary's father would be justifiably regarded as a hoary-headed tyrant, bent upon separating two loving hearts, and only fit to be circumvented by careful strategy. So he selected a novel of which he knew that both Mary and himself possessed copies; explained the new cipher with the utmost care, and after he reached home put it in immediate practice by writing a brief note and sending it by post, as he would be unable to see her the next evening. This is what he wrote:

35 9 5—33 2 3—35 4 4—69 5 9—65 4 5—51 15 5—15 1 4—77 1 1—95 19 1—83 4 2—83 8 6—89 2 9—117 5 6—71 17 8.

Now the book upon which this cipher was based was printed in double columns. Unfortunately Pennington forgot to explain which of these columns he intended to use. However, he decided to use the outer column trusting the other heart, which, as he frequently remarked, was one of two "which beat as one," would instinctively divine his selection.

Two nights afterwards he reached the Morris's door, full of delightful anticipations. He was met by old Mr. Morris, who, thrusting a note in his hand, explained, with much unnecessary emphasis and a total disregard of the commonest rules of politeness, that if he ever ventured to present himself at that house again he would be kicked down the front steps, mixed up in complicated relations with the family bull-dog, and committed to the final care of the police.

He went home maddened with this very undesirable mystery, and confident that old Morris had been attacked with delirium tremens and was an exceedingly unpleasant acquaintance. Once in his room, he sat down to read the crumpled letter that had been forced upon him. It was his own letter to Mary. Below the cipher was written Mary's translation of it. The poor girl had tried to translate it by using the inner columns of the book, and with the following unsatisfactory results:

"You liar when almost hate her and farewell you deceitful never again and base infamy."

And still further down on the page was written in Mary's hand, "I can make out enough of your letter to see it is a cruel, wicked insult, and shall tell papa."

It flashed across Pennington's remnant of a mind that perhaps Mary had made a mistake in the columns of the book. He seized the volume and verified his suspicion. The innocent note he had written was actually transformed by the simple process of reading it with the wrong column as a key, into the incoherent, but obviously impolite letter, which had wrought such unhappy consequences.

Pennington sank into the chair utterly overwhelmed. He called himself all the choice names that old Morris had applied to him, together with a large selection of other epithets. He spent an hour in this profitable occupation. At the end of that time he had formed a resolution which he proceeded to put into immediate execution.

He rose up, and, going to his trunk, took out his secret society emblems and solemnly threw them in the grate. He next sat down and wrote twelve separate resignations for twelve different lodges. Then he wrote a solemn pledge never, to the day of his death, to meddle with cipher or any other mystery, and, finally, writing out a full history of the cipher letter, sent it, together with the book which he had used as a key, his pledge to solemnly abstain from mysteries, and an humble apology to old Morris.

Of course his explanation was accepted, and Mary forgave him. Several years have passed since that event, but if you want to make Pennington Smythe blush with wretchedness, all that is necessary is to ask him if he knows of any good, trustworthy cipher.

A Word for the Mother-in-Law.—Are there no estimable mothers with married daughters? The mother-in-law is not responsible for her position—probably does not admire it. Yet she has been the subject of numberless stories, myriads of offensive jests and quantities of sarcastic rhymes. Into all of these has entered an element of bitterness which does not appear in the gibes that are buried at the window and splinter. Malice is the inspiration of the assaults upon the mother-in-law. Perhaps it is a savagery born of a sense of detected guilt—which has been hidden from the too confiding wife, but detected promptly by the penetrating eye of the mother-in-law. She is not blinded by love for the man and to perfect clearness of vision she adds an experience which is as useful as second sight in enabling her to see to the bottom of things. Yet if she be wise she will not give her daughter the benefit of her experience, but allow her to enjoy her fools' paradise as long as possible. A good mother-in-law is really a well-spring of pleasure to a properly conducted husband. She is assiduous in taking care of the baby, and the serviceableness of her knowledge concerning the most effective methods of carrying the infant through critical periods, the efficiency with which she dispenses paregoric, measures out ipecac and compounds plasters, fills the minds of just men with admiration and thankfulness. Give the mother-in-law her due. It has been withheld from her long enough.

THE WHISTLING TREE.

A TALE OF SOUTH AMERICA.

BY S. T. W.

The night—its eyes,
The wrathful stars—its breath,
The wandering wind.
—*Light of Asia.*

"Who is whistling, Jack?"

"I don't know, Cap."

"

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - JULY 22, 1881.

DEAN STANLEY, a famous divine, died in London, on Monday last, aged about 66 years.

IT will be three weeks to-morrow since the attempt was made on the life of the President, and the latest bulletins from the White House justify a reasonable assurance of his recovery. The attending physicians still refuse to say that he is out of danger, or that he is convalescent, but their language is "that he progresses steadily toward convalescence," and if they can repeat that announcement at intervals during the next ten days his recovery may be regarded as fully assured.

THE Johnstown *Tribune* of Friday last, in mentioning the fact that Judge Black had published in the *North American Review* for the present month a reply to an article by Bob Ingersoll in last month's *Review*, takes occasion to annihilate the Judge by speaking of him in following chaste and elegant style: "The Christian religion will not be benefited by a defense from such an old beast as Black." There is no wit and certainly no wisdom in this, and it can only be compared to a "mousing owl" hawking at an imperial eagle.

CONKLING visited Washington at the close of last week and caused it to be announced in one of the daily papers that he didn't care anything now for politics, and that his business there was to look after the interests of Senator Jones, of Nevada, in the Hudson River Tunnel Company, over which litigation is anticipated. From what was transpiring in the joint convention of the New York Legislature, just about that time in reference to the elections of successors in the Senate to Conkling and Platt, how very natural it was for the imperious Conkling to care nothing then, or at least to seem to care nothing, "for politics."

THE joint convention of the New York Legislature on Saturday last elected Warner Miller as Platt's successor in the U. S. Senate. This result was brought about by seven or eight Conkling men voting for him. At the balloting on Monday and Tuesday for Conkling's successor, Lapham, the caucus nominee, failed of an election, Conkling's adherents persistently refusing to desert him. What the end will be as to a successor to Conkling no man can tell. The only thing about it that is certain is that Conkling can never be re-elected. Brains seem to be at as heavy a discount in the Empire State as they are in the Keystone, but even the election of John I. Mitchell from this State is respectable when compared to that of Warner Miller.

WE regret that owing to its length we must forego the publication of Judge Black's defence of the Christian religion in the current number of the *North American Review*, in reply to the assaults made upon it by Robert G. Ingersoll, the notorious infidel. It is a rich intellectual treat, marked by all the force and power, as well as peculiarities of style, of every production of Judge Black's vigorous pen; and when he gets through with "Royal Bob" there is nothing of him left worth mentioning. Ingersoll's attacks on revealed religion wonderfully abound in ribald jests and outlandish blasphemy, so peculiarly original, that they amuse and entertain a certain class of people, but never convince a man of ordinary common sense. When men like Bolingbroke, Hume, Gibbon, and other well known able writers of the infidel school, utterly failed in accomplishing just what Bob Ingersoll is now attempting to accomplish, it is not at all likely that he will succeed in the work he has undertaken.

ACCORDING to the Washington correspondent of the *New York Sun*, there has been another unpleasantness among the doctors of the White House. This time the quarrel, if it may be so called, is between the two hostile schools of medicine, the allopathic and the homœopathic. The four physicians who are in charge of the President's case are allopaths of the strictest sect. Gen. Garfield is a believer in that system, while his wife is a pronounced homœopathist. Mrs. Edson, her physician, as well as that of her children, is a homœopathist, and so is Dr. Boynton, Mrs. Garfield's cousin, who is one of the consulting physicians in the case. Mrs. Edison and Dr. Boynton, as is alleged, have all along had some very distinct theories of their own in reference to the treatment of the case, while Dr. Bliss and his three colleagues hold entirely antagonistic views. Thus far Mrs. Edson and Dr. Boynton as physicians of the President, appear to be entirely ornamental, as their names are not signed to the daily bulletins issued from the White House by Dr. Bliss and his colleagues. The dispute, however, will hardly amount to anything serious.

"WING'S BREWERS HAND BOOK" for 1881, an official authority with brewers, as we learn from the New York *World*, fully sets forth the magnitude and rapid increase of lager beer manufacture in this country for the year ending May 1, 1881, as compared with the four previous years. From the "Hand Book" it appears that the total sales in the United States for the year ending May 1, 1881, amounted to 14,125,466 barrels, showing an increase as compared to 1880, when the total sales amounted to 12,800,900 barrels, of 1,324,566 barrels. The largest sales by States during the year ending May 1, 1881, were as follows: New York, 4,856,428 barrels; Pennsylvania, 1,398,154 barrels; Ohio, 1,291,203 barrels; Wisconsin, 927,297 barrels: Illinois, 870,275 barrels; Missouri, 803,427 barrels, and Massachusetts, the home of that whining statesman, George F. Hoar, over the imaginary wrongs of Southern negroes, 739,533 barrels. No beer at all was brewed in Maine, Vermont, Florida, Mississippi or Arkansas, and the only brewery in the United States which brewed as much as 350,890 barrels was one in Milwaukee.

IF Vice President Chester A. Arthur read the leading journals of the country, Republican, Democratic and Independent, during the week immediately succeeding the second day of the present month, when Guiteau shot President Garfield, as we assume that he did read them, he learned without much difficulty the tone and temper of public opinion in view of the probable, if not certain, contingency that under the provision in the constitution he would be required to take the oath and discharge the duties of Chief Magistrate of the Republic. This public opinion has been greatly modified owing to the condition of President Garfield having daily improved, rendering the prospect of his ultimate recovery more and more hopeful, but the fact nevertheless remains that during the few days of doubt and hope referred to, the country regarded a fatal termination of the President's wound with a feeling of tremor not unmixed with despair. This feeling did not spring from any fear on the part of the people that any imminent danger to the country must necessarily result from a peaceful assumption by the Vice President of the Presidential office—an ordeal thro' which the country has safely passed on three different occasions—but it originated in and found distinct utterance because of a want of personal confidence in Mr. Arthur himself. And this, too, not because he is an exceptionally bad or dangerous man as public men are now estimated, but simply because he has been conspicuously indentified with a large and influential wing of the Republican party whose methods of administering the government are odious to the American people. In other words, he represents Grantism and all that the term implies, and the country, after eight years experience of that kind of administrative rule, has not the most remote idea of ever trying it a second time. It is true that Grant himself, as was to have been expected, vouched for the safety of the country in the event of Mr. Arthur becoming President, but Grant's opinion of the public men of the country never commanded much respect, and his endorsement of Arthur failed to remove the doubts and misgivings of the people, who well remembered how swift Grant had been in indorsing Belknap, Babcock and George H. Williams, as well as other public plunderers who dwelt almost within the shadow of the White House. No man can tell what weighty and startling events, big with the destinies of the country, a day or an hour may bring forth; and it may be that in the inscrutable ways of Providence the office of President may yet devolve upon Mr. Arthur. If that contingency should happen, it is to be hoped that the lesson he has learned during the last few weeks will not be soon or lightly forgotten.

WILLIAM D. SPARKS, a contractor of Wilmington, Delaware, a leading Republican of that city, and during the rebellion a deputy Provost Marshall, and another man named Chandler, enticed an old negro named Townsend into Chandler's coal-yard on Friday last, made him drunk, stripped him naked, and whitewashed him with lime while he was tied to a post, a portion of the mixture severely injuring his eyes. Sparks was arrested and held in $500 bail. Chandler escaped arrest by leaving the city. The only motive assigned for this brutal and cowardly act is that the old darkey is an active Democrat. Suppose this outrage had been committed in a Southern State—that the negro was a Republican and his assailants Democrats—the entire Republican press in the North would have sent up one long continued howl of horror and indignation—the people of the whole State would have been held responsible and denounced as worse than the savages of the South Pacific islands. A doubtful State election at the North has more than once been carried by the Republican party by inventing just such an outrage as this one at Wilmington as having taken place in a Southern State. An unscrupulous demagogue like John Sherman with this Wilmington affair located in Mississippi for his text on the stump, could possibly save Foster, the Republican candidate for Governor in Ohio, from defeat at the November election. In the Delaware case, however, Townsend, the old negro, was a Democrat, and in the estimation of Republican editors didn't receive any rougher treatment than a "Democratic nigger" deserves.

THE Democratic State convention of Ohio met at Columbus last week and on the second ballot nominated John W. Bookwalter, of Springfield, for Governor. The nominee conducts a large manufacturing business which gives employment to many hundreds of hands, and it is claimed by the Democrats that he will be a tower of strength with the workingmen of the State. It is said that during the panic and depression of business in 1873, while other employers were cutting down the wages of their men, Mr. Bookwalter took the ground that at such a time the man who worked should be better paid for his labor, and that instead of reducing wages he increased them. This incident in his mode of doing business is known in every manufacturing establishment in the State, and cannot fail to make him a very strong candidate with the laboring class. Some of the Republican papers in this State, the Johnstown *Tribune* among them, knowing his strength and fearing the result, are already charging him with having "bought his nomination". This charge comes from the papers of a party that notoriously carried the Presidential election last year by the corrupt use of money and has for years compelled its horde of office-holders to contribute to a fund for the avowed purpose of buying the election of its candidates with cash. The Democracy of Ohio, although as a general rule accustomed to defeat, never surrender, and they promise to make the campaign this year especially active and aggressive

IN an interview in New York, on Saturday last, Congressman Joseph J. Jorgensen, Republican, who represents the Petersburg (Virginia) district and resides in the same town with Mahone, remarked: "There is not an honest hair in Mahone's head."

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A dead alligator, seven feet long, was found in the Allegheny river, near Pittsburg, on Friday.

—Father Buhlman, of Lebanon, has severely denounced speculative insurance from his pulpit.

—The people of Arkansas fasted and prayed on Thursday last for the better health of the President.

—The majority of the girls married in Warren county, Ky., last year were mere children, their ages ranging from 13 to 18.

—A chip which flew from an iron casting in a Reading car shop struck Amos Seitzinger on Saturday and severed one of his ears.

—The wife and daughter of George Thomas were drowned while out sailing in the harbor of Plymouth, Mass., on Sunday evening.

—John Thomas, of Hummelstown, Dauphin county, died on Saturday of lock-jaw, caused by injuries self inflicted with a toy pistol.

—A colored man named Andrews is in jail at Harrisburg, charged with murdering his wife and burning his residence, to conceal the crime.

—Two daughters of George Fielding, the oldest 15 years of age, were drowned on the north shore of Hants county, Nova Scotia on Saturday.

—If President Garfield recovers the Hancock and English and Garfield and Arthur battalions of Newburyport, Mass., will unite in a torchlight parade.

—Four more little Baltimore boys who owned and manipulated toy pistols have climbed the golden stair, making 17 as far as heard from in that single city.

—James Atkinson has been arrested in Penobscot county, Wis., for murdering his wife and children and throwing their bodies into the Mississippi on the 4th.

—Richard Weddis, a farmer, of Walpole county, Ont., while riding on a reaper cutting grain on Saturday morning, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

—Congressman Speer and Eleanor D. Morgan, daughter of Dr. Morgan, were married Thursday evening by Father Cull, at St. Dominic's church, Washington, D. C.

—"Speculative life insurance" is dubbed by critical paragraphers in neighboring States as "a Pennsylvania industry." This is no compliment, but we can't resent it as a slur.

—A life and death struggle took place between L. Palmiter, of McKean county, and a huge catamount, recently, which proved fatal to both. Palmiter was watching a deer lick.

—A man in Hyde Park has three wives living in the town. He is estranged from one of them, but lives amicably with the other two and nobody seems to think anything of it.

—A Philadelphia man, being slapped in the face by his wife, turned white with rage, stood still for a moment as though irresolute, and then, procuring a gun from an adjoining room, committed suicide.

—There are now two hundred persons imprisoned in Ireland under the coercion act, including one member of parliament, one priest, one magistrate, several town councilors and many poor law guardians.

—The Rev. John Brook and Miss Janie R. Anderson, while walk on the railroad near Fishkill, N. Y., Saturday evening, were struck by a train. The young woman was killed and Mr. Brook badly injured.

—A Philadelphia guardian charged $500 for administering an estate of $469. The ward was of age and he wanted her to pay him the difference out of her own earnings. The court cut down his bill to $85.

—After two years of hard labor the fire in the Stanton shaft at Wilkesbarre has been subdued. The work of repairing the immense destruction caused by water and flames is now being vigorously pushed forward.

—The Papal bulls for the consecration of Dr. McMullen, of Chicago, as Bishop of the new diocese of Davenport, Iowa, have arrived, and the ceremony will take place in the cathedral at Chicago, on Monday, the 25th instant.

—The Catholic parsonage at Raxton Falls, Quebec, was burned on Saturday night, and the resident priest, Father Larne, was burned to death. His nephew, who was in the house with him, escaped by jumping out of the window of his room.

—Mrs. Stewart C. Gardner, who was James A. Garfield's nurse at the time of his birth, died near Dowagiac, Mich., on the day and at about the hour of the attempted assassination of the President. She was eighty-seven years old.

—The rare phenomena of an inverted rainbow has been observed in a Prussian town. The ends of a semi-circle, the centre of which was the sun, rose and moved westward with the latter for some thirty minutes; when the appearance vanished.

—John W. Bookwalter, Democratic nominee for Governor of Ohio, is a millionaire who has been for many years a contributor to mechanical journals and a collector of works of art. He is a childless widower and is about forty-five years old.

—The Philadelphia Democrats have nominated J. H. Mitchell (the present Republican incumbent) for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; Moses Veale for Recorder of Deeds, and J. C. McManemin and David Hagerty for City Commissioner.

—The Harrisburg *Patriot* is inclined to think that the harm inflicted upon the country by Guiteau's bullet does not stop with the President's wound. It shows itself in the election of a wooden-headed wood-pulp monopolist to the United States Senate from the great State of New York.

—On Monday afternoon Sallia Stevenson, an insane girl, living at her home in McCandless township, Allegheny county, near Pittsburg, became unruly. Her father, William Stevenson, aged 65, and a sister attempted to pacify her, when she kicked her father in the stomach, killing him instantly.

—After four years of arrivals of a conventional sort, and after arriving at the age of 80, a Kentuckian eloped at night on horseback with the youthful belle of Buckner, hastened romantically to a clergyman twenty miles away, was chased by the angry father, and is now enjoying a honeymoon tour.

—A hint to Mr. Cyrus W. Field from the Harrisburg *Patriot*: There is a widow of an assassinated President who lives on a pension barely sufficient to provide her a home and the necessities of life. She has no political influence, but still she is the widow of an ex-President. Her name is Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

—Mrs. Eliza Garfield, mother of President Garfield, had a severe attack of cholera morbus on Friday, from which she partially recovered, but next day was prostrated by fever. On account of extreme age, she being eighty-one, her condition is regarded as very critical and fears are entertained for her recovery.

—In the old Rodgers burying-ground, in this county, says the Chatham (N. C.) *Record*, an oak tree has grown on a grave in which a person was buried seventy-five years ago and the tree is now five feet in diameter. This growth seems incredible but yet is vouched for by old persons who know whereof they speak.

—A shower of toads is reported to have fallen a few days ago near Delaware City, about twelve miles from Wilmington. The reptiles appeared after a violent storm. They varied from half an inch to an inch in length and were very numerous. The farmers of the vicinity are both puzzled and annoyed over the phenomenon.

—Of every five men in this country, one cannot read the ballot which he deposits in the box on election day. Whereupon the Philadelphia *Record* is moved to suggest the abolition of the ballot and the substitution of the *viva voce* system, by which each man calls out distinctly the name of the candidate for whom he wishes to vote.

—The Council of Catholic Knights of America closed its session at Cincinnati on Saturday after electing the following officers: President, W. J. O'Neil, Cincinnati; Spiritual Director, Bishop Spalding, Peoria; Vice-President, W. S. Russell, Louisville; Treasurer, J. L. Heckma, Grafton, W. Va.; Secretary, Newton D. Rodgers, Louisville.

—Miss Libbie Dimmick, of Roxbury, N. Y., a 16-year-old lass, who disappeared on the Fourth, has come walking home with a young man whom she found on the street, fancied and married. Meantime Miss Maurice Brennan, aged 24, of Port Jervis, N. Y., is mysteriously missing, and anxious relatives would be glad to get her back with or without a husband.

—A singular accident happened to a girl in Venango county a few days ago. She was gathering cherries, and the limb on which she was standing broke. She fell about five feet, when her head caught in the forks of a limb, leaving her body dangling in the air thirty feet from the ground. She retained consciousness, and supported herself by the hands until she was rescued.

—The anti-clerical disturbances continue at Rome. The men imprisoned for having taken part in the attack upon the procession at the removal of the remains of Pius IX. will be presented with gold medals. One paper expresses regret that "the carcass was not flung into the Tiber," and says that clubs are being formed to promote the perpetual expulsion of the Papacy from Rome.

—Mississippi county, Mo., is the great watermelon region of the world. Over 4,000 acres are this year devoted to watermelons a wide, and the yield is about a car load an acre, so that 4,000 car loads will be shipped to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, and Indianapolis. Contracts have been made with many farms at $110 a car. The general prices run from $60 to $160 a car during the season.

—It is reported in Washington that the wife of an ex-army officer, said to be the well-known Captain H. W. Howgate, of Arctic exploration fame, will institute suit for divorce this week, having discovered a seperate establishment belonging to his mistress and maintained by him. The wife had been kept on short allowance. Her behavior in the home of the mistress is described as half insane. She wrought havoc everywhere.

—The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* tells a singular story of a man who became a beggar by falling asleep in the street with his hat in his hand. On awakening he found that it contained $1 in small coins. As he was sick and destitute he concluded that begging was a good business, and went into it systematically. In six years he received $30,000, and with that he dropped the business, speculated in Western lands, and is now a millionaire.

—Two Italians closed their candy store at Savannah, Ga., paid the rent three months in advance, told the owner that they were going to Italy to get a stock of goods, and cautioned him to look after the premises until they returned. They had murdered a peddler, taken his $2,000, and hidden his body in the store; but their ingenious way of covering their flight prevented the discovery until the three months had passed and gone.

—During the progress of John Robinson's show at Uniontown, Fayette county, Michael Crow, an old farmer, of Springfield township, was swindled out of $1,150 on the show ground, by a well-dressed, affable man, who induced him to procure that amount of money to go into a big speculation with him, and when he came with it the confederates induced it out of his hands and covered his retreat with a pistol. Michael is a sick old Crow.

—An unruly elephant connected with John Robinson's circus, which has already killed five keepers, created a sensation in Butler a few days ago by leaving the street parade and making an independent procession of his own up a back street. He was thrown down and beaten until subdued, but the impression created on the minds of the citizens by his acts of insubordination was sufficient to secure him plenty of room during his stay in town.

—A Winona (Minn.) special says: Paul Veld, a Swiss emigrant, who lately bought a farm in Eagle Creek Valley, became insane through the failure of his crops and homesickness. On Sunday morning he was found dead in the front room of the house, his wife and two children dead in the next room, three children dead in bed up stairs, and the two oldest boys in the hay loft, mortally wounded, all shot in the head. One boy may recover. A revolver was found in the house.

—About twenty years ago little Jimmy McGinnis lived with his brother-in-law, Henry Gordon, of the Board of works, Detroit, and ran away with James A. Bailey, a famous circus man, who adopted him. He took Bailey's name, and, at his death, succeeded to his business. On Monday last he sought out his relatives, appeared at the show with them, and entertained them royally in the evening. But small boys need not imagine that adopting managers grow on every circus.

—A St. Petersburg dispatch of the 15th says that the Kieff newspaper, the *Labour*, publishes a telegram from Poutivl, in the Province of Koorsk, which states that nineteen men and girls were shut in a barn by the steward of the property called the "Bolgin" for refusing to work and that all were burned to death by a village mob setting fire to the building. One person, who was arrested, confessed to his share of the crime. The Procurator of the Holy Synod, Conrad Y. Gross, aged eleven, and drowned because he would not give them twenty-five cents which they knew he possessed. The boys say that he had given up 10 cents and wanted to be put on shore, when one of them—it is impossible to tell which—pushed him overboard. They say that he came up twice and then sank. The body has not been recovered. The boys are hard characters and have both been previously arrested for theft. They are in custody.

—The editor of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* is in good position to know the truth of his charge that the building which has just been let out by the trustees of the Norristown hospital, at a cost of $72,573, exclusive of heating, plumbing and drainage, "was an essential part of the original specifications and contract of this hospital which was turned over to the State with the ostentatious declaration that the building was completed and with the return of a small balance to the treasury in a way that appeared to be designed to give the impression that the commission had actually done its work inside of the State appropriation." This is a scandal which wants legislative investigation.

—Miss Nannie Siffard, of this city, says a Frederick (Md.) correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, was married at her residence there this morning to Mr. Aubrey Pearre, of the firm of Pearre Bros. & Co., Hanover street, Baltimore. By her marriage Miss Siffard, now Mrs. Pearre, is obliged to surrender, in accordance with the provisions of the will of the late John Loats, her brother-in-law, an estate estimated to be worth between $50,000 and 75,000. The property, in which she was given a life estate, *or until she married*, consists in part of one of the most elegant private residences in the city and a fine farm located on the immediate southern suburbs of the town. It will now pass into the hands of a board of trustees, for the establishment of an "Orphan Home" for girls. It is generally understood that the institution will be controlled in the interest of the Lutheran Church.

STILL ANOTHER COMET.—Prof. Swift, Director of the Warner Observatory, Rochester, N. Y., has just verified the discovery of another comet, in the Constellation of Auriga, made July 14th, by Prof. J. M. Schaeberle, of Ann Arber, Mich. This new comet is apparently coming directly toward the earth, and, for a telescopic comet, is very bright; indeed, it can readily be seen with a good opera glass. It is quite remarkable that it should ne in just the spot where the present large comet was first seen by the naked eye in this latitude, and it shows that the two bodies must have crossed each other's paths. This makes the fourth comet discovered within ten weeks, a circumstance heretofore unknown in history. Prof. Schaeberle has duly filed his application for the Warner prize of $200, and as yet he is the only claimant.

PERUNA cured my daughter's sore eyes after oculists had failed. C. F. SCHREADER, Allegheny City, Pa.

A Fearful Western Cyclone.

DEVASTATION OF PROPERTY AND LOSS OF LIFE MARK ITS PATH.

NEW ULM, Minn., July 17.—Shortly before 5 o'clock on Friday afternoon, a cyclone of the most terrific violence struck this town, demolishing over one hundred buildings, and killing or wounding upwards of thirty persons. Though other towns in the vicinity were visited by the storm to a greater or less degree of violence, the full force of the cyclone vented itself here. According to the evidence of eye-witnesses, two tornadoes met right over this place and the work of destruction was accomplished in less than fifteen minutes. The course of the cyclone could be distinctly discerned and it seemed to be moving in separate volumes from the north and south. At 4.30 o'clock black clouds gathered with great rapidity. The thunder and lightning were terrific. The wind blew a hurricane, while the rain descended in blinding sheets. Where was a moment's lull, and then a cyclone struck the town, almost destroying it, and then disappeared as suddenly as it came. Its effects was almost indescribable. Some houses were struck by lightning, others were lifted up bodily by the violence of the wind, and others were demolished by flying debris from other buildings. Scores of dwellings and stores were instantly destroyed. Very few escaped uninjured. Many had the roofs blown off, or were so badly unjointed by the wind that they will have to be pulled down and rebuilt. The storm was most destructive in the north end of the city; whole blocks of frame buildings were swept away. Hardly a barn or stable escaped, and it is estimated that over one hundred horses and cattle have been destroyed. J. G. Randolph, mayor of the city, estimates the total loss at $50,000, and the lowest estimate is $35,000. Aside from the loss of life the worst feature of the calamity is that none of the property destroyed is insured against accidents of this kind. Many have lost their all. The citizens have, however, without exception met the disaster bravely, and even cheerfully, and are taking prompt and decisive steps to repair the damage, though all argue that next to the Indian massacre it was the most disastrous blow New Ulm has ever received. The streets are filled with the debris of shattered buildings. The heaviest individual loss falls on J. Hoenstein, who had just completed a brick brewery at a cost of $30,000. The building was entirely destroyed. No insurance. The eye-witnesses say that the scene during and immediately after the storm was fearful to contemplate and beyond description. People who were out on the streets were literally blown away and numbers were wounded by flying debris. As the victims of this sad catastrophe are scattered over a comparatively large area it is impossible to get an exact list of the killed and wounded, especially as the cyclone visited West Newton and caused several deaths. The killed so far as known number fourteen and wounded twenty-four, some of whom are probably fatally injured. There are doubtless many others who have been overlooked in the general confusion. The cyclone devastated a stretch of country one mile wide and forty miles long and passed through the town of West Newton, Severance, Palmyra, Wilmington and Cario. Gentlemen from Cario say the storm was one of the most disastrous ever known in Renville county and that a large number of people have been killed and many injured.

GUITEAU'S CASE.—Hon. Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, in conversation with Postmaster-General James Monday afternoon, related an incident which may have an important bearing in determining the question of motive in Guiteau's crime. He said that having occasion to visit the State Department May 17, in company with a friend, they met two men coming out, one of whom he subsequently identified from his photograph to be Guiteau.

The latter seemed to be passionately excited, and as they passed exclaimed to his companion, "They have excluded me from the White House, but you will see that I'll get even with those fellows yet." The Speaker's manner and language attracted Mr. Brown's attention, and he thought at the time that vengeance of some sort was meant against the Secretary of State. When he learned subsequently from reading District Attorney Corkhill's narrative that the prisoner resolved to kill President Garfield on the 18th of May, the day following the speech, he went to the District Attorney, satisfied himself as to the identity of the speaker, and gave the above testimony, which will probably be used in the Government's case.

THE Albany (Ga.) *News and Advertiser* of recent date says: Parties who came in on the train from Arlington yesterday morning reported the following very remarkable incident: Soon after the train passed Walker Station a deer jumped up near the railroad track and in its fright ran right through the train, jumping from one side of the track to the other through the baggage car, both doors of which were wide open. In its flight through the car the deer was struck about the root of the tail by the sharp edge of the door on the opposite side from which he sprang, leaving his tail and a handful of hair behind him.

THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY.—To wait until you are down on your bed with disease you may not get over for months, is the height of folly, when you might be easily cured during the early symptoms by using Parker's Ginger Tonic. A trifle only a trifle, can never do any harm, and possesses curative properties in the highest degree. We have known the palest, sickliest looking men, women and children become the rosiest and healthiest, from the timely use of this pure family medicine. See advertisement in another column.—*Observer*. For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg. [7-22.-1m.]

MARRIAGE insurance companies are not unfavorably regarded with favor by the Judges of this State, in which they have of late suddenly become numerous. The methods of these concerns are various, but the common practice is to pay certain sums of money to members at their wedding. Judge Henderson of Lebanon county refused to charter on the ground that marriage is not a legitimate subject for insurance, as it does not not depend on contingencies beyond the control of the individual. Judge Mitchell of Philadelphia, on the other hand, grants charters without hesitation.

HONORED AND BLEST.—When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were skeptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial his dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that *great medicine*, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.—*Democrat*. M. L. Oatman, authorized agent, Ebensburg, sells the pure Hop Bitters.

MISS PROUDFIT is one of the lovelies! girls in Southern Kansas, and a year ago was the recipient of much admiring attention from the opposite sex; but now there is a disposition on the part of the young men to stay away from her. The change is caused by the fact that three of her suitors have received gunshot wounds while in her company. It is not known who the assassin is, but he is supposed to be somebody who, being unable to secure the prize himself, is determined that nobody else shall do so.

GOOD WORDS FROM DRUGGISTS.—"Malt Bitters are the best 'bitters.'"

"They promote sleep and allay nervousness."

"Best Liver and Kidney medicine we sell."

"They knock the 'Chills' every time."

"Consumptive people gain flesh on them."

"Malt Bitters have no rivals in this town."

"Best thing for nursing mothers we have."

"We like to recommend Malt Bitters."

[7-1.-1m.]

IT has been the practice of the Interior Department to hand each Indian reservation over to the religious teachings of one particular denomination, so that the converts became Methodists, Baptists, or something else, purely according to chance and never from choice. This is now to be changed. Under the new arrangement the Catholic Church will go into the field with a large force of priests.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself from every symptom of these distressing compiaints? If you think so, call at E. James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa., and procure a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it. Use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. [4-8.-e.o.w.ly.]

A GANG of outlaws on Friday night captured a train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific road between Cameron and Winston, Mo., killed the conductor and a passenger, robbed the United States Express Company's safe of several thousand dollars and then escaped. The passengers were saved from robbery by the sudden stopping of the train.

The Story of the Crime.

THE OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE SHOOTING OF THE PRESIDENT.

District Attorney Corkhill, of Washington, who has made a thorough investigation into the movements of Charles Guiteau from the time he first came to that city up to the day he attempted to assassinate the President, has furnished the following statement for publication with the assurance that the facts detailed by him may be relied upon as accurate. He says:

The interest felt by the public in the details of the assassination and the many stories published justify me in stating that the following is a correct and accurate statement concerning the points to which reference is made: The assasin, Charles Guiteau, came to Washington City on Sunday evening, March 6, 1881, and stopped at the Ebbitt House, remaining only one day. He then secured a room in another part of the city and has boarded and roomed at various places, full details of which I have. On Wednesday, May 18, 1881 the assassin determined to murder the President. He had neither money nor pistol at the time. About the last of May he went into O'Mara's store, corner Fifteenth and F streets, this city, and examined some pistols, asking for the largest caliber. He was shown two similar in caliber and only different in price. On Wednesday, June 8, he purchased the pistol which he used, for which he paid ten dollars, he having in the meantime borrowed fifteen dollars from a gentleman in thirsty on the ples that he wanted to pay his board bill. On the same evening about seven o'clock he took the pistol and went to the foot of Seventeenth street and practiced firing at a board, firing ten shots. He then returned to his boarding place and wiped the pistol dry and wrapped it in his coat and waited his opportunity.

On Sunday morning, June 19th, he was sitting in Lafayette Park and saw the President leave for the Christian Church on Vermont avenue, and he at once returned to his room, obtained his pistol, put it in his hip pocket and followed the President to the church. He entered the church, but found he could not kill him there without danger of killing some one else. He noticed the President sat near a window. After church he made an examination of the window and found he could reach it without any trouble, and that from that point he could shoot the President through the head without killing any one else. The following Wednesday he went to church, examined the location and window, and became satisfied he could accomplish his purpose, and he determined therefore to make the attempt at the church the following Sunday.

He learned from the papers that the President would leave the city on Saturday, the 18th of June, with Mrs. Garfield for Long Branch. He therefore determined to meet him at the depot. He left his boarding place about five o'clock on Saturday morning, June 18, and went down to the river at the foot of Seventh street and fired a few shots to practice his aim and be certain his pistol was in good order. He then went to the depot, and was in the ladies' waiting room of the depot with his pistol ready when the Presidential party entered. He saw Mrs. Garfield look so weak and frail that he had not the heart to shoot the President in her presence, as he knew he would have another opportunity he left the depot. He had previously engaged a carriage to take him to the jail.

On Wednesday evening the President and his son, and I think United States Marshal Henry, went out for a ride. The assassin took his pistol and followed them and watched them for some time, in hopes the carriage would stop, but no opportunity was given. On Friday evening, July 1, he was sitting on a seat in the park, opposite the White House, when he saw the President come out alone. He followed him down the avenue to Fifteenth street, and then kept on the opposite side of the street up Fifteenth until the President entered the residence of Secretary Blaine. He waited at the corner of Mr. Morton's late residence, corner Fifteenth and H streets, for some time, and then, as he was afraid he would attract attention, he went into an alley in the rear of Morton's residence, examined his pistol and waited. The President and Secretary Blaine came out together and he followed them over to the gate of the White House, but could get no opportunity to use his weapon.

On the morning of Saturday, July 2d, he breakfasted at the Ebbitt House at half past 7. He walked up into the park and sat there for an hour. He then took a one-horse avenue car and rode to Sixth street, got out and went into the depot and loitered around. He had his shoes blacked, and engaged a hackman for two dollars to take him to the jail. He went into a water closet and took his pistol out of his pocket and unwrapped the paper from around it which he had put there for the purpose of preventing the perspiration from his body dampening the powder. He examined his pistol carefully, tried the trigger and then returned and took a seat in the ladies' waiting room and as soon as the President entered advanced behind him and fired two shots.

These facts, I think, can be relied upon as accurate, and I give them to the public to contradict certain false rumors in connection with this most atrocious of atrocious crimes.

Italian Liberty (!) Brutally Exemplified.

THE REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF POPE PIUS THE NINTH IMPEDED AND OUTRAGED BY A HOWLING MOB.

A special cablegram to the N. Y. *World*, dated 15th inst., furnishes the following in relation to the recent removal for final interment of the remains of the late Pope, and of the indignities, insults and infamies perpetrated by some of the infamous infidel rabble of the Eternal City on that solemn occasion:

The translation of the remains of Pope Pius IX. from its resting-place in the Basilica of St. Peter to the tomb provided for it in the church of San Lorenzo was accomplished last night and this morning, the removal beginning at midnight and the whole ceremony being ended before daylight. The ceremony was attended and disgraced by some of the most shameful scenes ever seen in Rome. Immediately after his death and obsequies, it will be remembered that the body of the late Pope, enclosed in leaden coffins, one within the other, was elevated to a niche prepared for it high up in the walls of one of the chapels of St. Peter's church, where it remained until yesterday morning. In accordance with the order given in his will, a simple and inexpensive tomb had been prepared as its last resting-place, under the altar of the church of San Lorenzo, which is some distance from the Vatican. The late Pope had some tender reminiscences connected with this church, and for several months had expressed a desire to repose there. Moreover, it is said that the profound humility of spirit of which he was capable at times had induced him to wish in his life to direct his wife that his body should not have the honor of permanent sepulture in the grandest church in the world and near the remains of the Apostles Peter and Paul.

The tomb in the church of San Lorenzo has been completed for some time, but for reasons satisfactory to the sextons the translation of the remains did not take place until last night. A careful watch was preserved over it until all the arrangements were complete. At midnight the coffin was carried from the chapel and, surrounded by a large body of priests and Catholic laymen, the mortuary procession set forth. The coffin was placed upon a bier given to them by the priests and laymen carrying lighted candles. The scene was solemn and sombre in the extreme, but scarcely had the procession left the steps of St. Peter's than the motley mob of roughs of the city swarmed around it, hustling and intercepting the priests, endeavoring to extinguish the candles and overturn the bier, and shouting, "Long live Italy!" "Down with the Pope!" "Away with the black gowns!" and so on. The disturbance became so great and the fear of a terrible scandal was so imminent that the city authorities were compelled to intervene. The police force proving inadequate, some companies of soldiers were hurriedly called for. On arriving they dispersed the mob, order was restored, the procession moved on to the church and the ceremonies of placing the body in the tomb were completed.

The same correspondent, in a cablegram dated the 16th, furnishes the following in regard to the feeling created in Church circles by the dastardly outrage:

Cardinal Jacobini, Papal Secretary of State, in receiving the Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to the Vatican, told them that the Pope had instructed him to say that in spite of the Pope's personal desire that they should inform their Governments how deeply pained he was at the insult offered the body of Pope Pius IX., that henceforth he must consider himself more than ever a prisoner in the Vatican, and as prevented from attending any religious service in any of the basilicas of Rome. The same Cardinal Jacobini sent out the draft of a circular to the Papal Nuncios abroad, with instructions to leave a copy in the hands of the respective Ministers of Foreign Affairs. A correspondent says that part of the Pope's message relating to religious services in basilicas confirms what has been confidently asserted in high clerical circles, that the removal of the body of Pius IX. been effected peaceably, the Pope would have found an early occasion to pass the door of the Vatican.

ARREST OF SOME OF THE DASTARDS.

SIX men have been fined and imprisoned for disturbing the funeral procession of Pope Pius IX. on Thursday last. There was great disorder at the trial of the prisoners and the court was cleared twice. The sentences were received with a storm of shouts and hisses. A crowd of people numbering between two and three thousand cheered the prisoners on coming out of the court, and followed them, shouting, "Down with the clericals!" The soldiers dispersed the mob, which reassembled at the office of one of the clerical newspapers, tore down the bulletin, and then started for the railroad station to protest to the King and Queen, who were arriving from Naples, but a cordon of police prevented a demonstration.

THE MISSING BULLET FOUND.—On Monday last District Attorney Corkhill found the missing bullet which was fired at the President and for which there has been so much search. It appears that a German glazier, who tramps around the streets repairing windows, went into the depot to get a ten dollar bill changed on the morning the President was shot. He was standing in the main room about 40 feet from where the assassin stood, and in a south-east direction. He had begun to unstrap his box in which he carried glass, and had got one strap off his shoulders when he heard the noise of the pistol, and immediately three panes of glass in his box were shattered. He at once rushed from the depot, thinking it was no place for safety. On Saturday he was cleaning out his box and found the ball in his putty and was narrating the fact to his friends, when one of them told him that it was fired at the time the President was shot, and took him to the District Attorney's office, where he gave his statement, and gave up the ball. He thinks it was the first shot that broke the glass, but says they were so close together that he had not time to get away. His position confirms the statement of Senor Camache, the Venezulean minister, as to the exact position of the assassin at the time of the firing of the shots.

MERCHANTS who suffer from Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, or Billiousness can be cured by using DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE A

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - JULY 22, 1881.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here. There and the Other Place.

—"May I be revised?" is the latest form of oath.

—Now is the time to get vaccinated, and don't you forget it!

—A special term of Court will be held here on Tuesday, August 9th.

—All the inmates of the county home have been vaccinated. A sensible precaution.

—The small-pox is said to have reached Wilmore, but we cannot vouch for the rumor.

—The P. R. R. Co. paid out $419,000 to its Altoona shop employes for the month of June.

—A car-load of tropical fruit is said to be consumed in Altoona every day, Sundays excepted.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have a complete assortment of all kinds of glass and fruit jars at lowest prices.

—Housekeepers hereaway are just now in a flutter about the scarcity of hen fruit and likewise of butter.

—A rabid dog was shot and killed in Altoona on Friday last. Harry Porter did it with his little gun.

—There is said to be no Bible at the Blair county almshouse. If so, that institution ought to be revised.

—The street parade of Old John Robinson's Big Show, this (Thursday) forenoon, was a magnificent spectacle.

—At Barkers' straw hats in the price have fallen quite flat, and now's the time for a bargain if you want a good hat.

—The demand for vaccine matter was probably never so lively in this market as it is now. Small-pox, you know.

—Perma is not an experiment, but a fixed fact; a single bottle will convince you. Buy it at the new drug store, Ebensburg.

—Gen. Harry White and wife were among the guests at the Mountain House, this place, on Tuesday and Wednesday last.

—Buy sticky fly paper at Barker', and get rid of the flies without having them dropping here and there right in front of your eyes.

—The weather last week was as hot as the hinges of Hades, but since Sunday the bleak winds have been more or less on one of their raids.

—Water melon-choly thought it is, and now replete with pain, to think the season's now at hand, when the water melon comes again.

—The largest and best stock of groceries in town can be found at Barkers', where you can buy eight pounds of good coffee for one dollar.

—Why suffer such unspeakable tortures? Rheumatism has been conquered. Kendall's Spavin Cure is the victor. See advertisement.

—One of our local exchanges announced the serious illness of a citizen of this place five days after his death. A clear case of "go slow."

—Kendall's Spavin Cure is highly recommended by Prof. Williams, the wonderful horse tamer. For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have on hand and for sale a large lot of grain, as well as all kind of feed, such as corn and oats chop, rye chop, corn meal, etc.

—A resident of Marklesburg, Huntingdon county, named Wintermacher, died on Wednesday of last week from the effects of a sunstroke received the previous day.

—The Hollidaysburg *Standard* says that McPike and family, of the FREEMAN, spent their fourth of July in a Cherry Tree." A skillful joke for a pleasant climb it.

—James, son of Henderson Gorsuch, who resides near Hollidaysburg, cut a dangerous gash in his foot upon a sharp scythe the other day while running to kill a snake.

—There is no small-pox in Ebensburg, and is sincerely to be hoped that there won't any, but for all that everybody should go the new drug store and buy disinfectants.

—Referring to our recent visit to Cherry-, the *Record* says it had the honor, etc. ow are you honor? Next time you feed "taffy" please don't Baker so profusely.

—The small-pox and the small boy in and Johnstown are on very bad terms just w, and it all grows out of the fact that John Robinson's Big Show skipped the n on account of the disease.

—On the morning of 11th inst. a three-old daughter of John Arnold, Greenle township, Somerset county, either ed or was stolen from home, and at last accounts had not yet been heard from.

—An essay entitled "Sublime Discontent" read at the State Normal School encement last week by Miss Harriet E. es, of this place. Hope there was no ublime Discontent" manifested by her lience during the reading.

—Capt. Cherry, of Altoona, claims to be "big Injun me" of a base ball club that "get away" with any like organization Blair or Cambria counties. That may be, Ebensburg saw the day when it scooped ll Cherries without shaking a limb.

—Do you suffer from sick or nervous heade, neuralgia or sleeplessness? If so, do delay, trusting that in time nature will orn you, but go at once to E. James, ggist, Ebensburg, Pa., for Dr. Faust's man Cure. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

—The tortures of neuralgic pains, sick and ous headache, are instantly banished by use of Dr. Faust's German Cure for Neuia and Headache. Guaranteed to relieve. druggists. For sale by E. James, Ebburg, Pa. [4-1,'81.-e.o.w.1y.]

—The Hollidaysburg correspondent of the oms *Tribune* says that Michael Ziegler, eer and wherever he is, cut a ten-acre t of oats, many of the stalks of which ured six feet in height. It is claimed ave been the best field of oats in the

—We regret very much to note the fact our old and much esteemed lady friend, Patrick Carroll, of Conemaugh boro', own with small-pox, and that owing to age and the severity of the attack fears entertained for her recovery. May God ill otherwise.

—Habit, if not necessary, makes a Hair ing such as Dr. Ayer's laboratory is indispensable to many. Ayer's Hair is one of the most delightful we have used. It restores not only the color, ness and luxuriance, to faded and gray

—For sale at the new drug store, Ebens-

—Miss Mary Ryan, eldest daughter of exJohn Ryan, of Johnstown, entered noviate at the Mother House of the Sisof Charity, Altoona, on Tuesday. That ay find peace beyond all understandin the religious life upon which she has entered is the blessing we wish her with ur heart.

—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound ranks first as a curative diseases of the procreative sysdegeneration of the kidneys, irritation bladder, urinary, calculi, &c., &c. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Westvenue, Lynn, Mass., or go to the new store, Ebensburg.

—One of the neatest and fleetest pieces of in Cambria county, was purchased Indiana county, one day last ey-at-law, Bethonotary O'Donnell, of Lofor the sum of $300. The animal is ars old, can easily trot a mile in three , and has been well trained by its Mr. O'Brien.

—"Forced by my political connections into public life, my sufferings were intensified by the comments of those who saw my face and my head covered with scrofulous humor", said a gentleman recently cured by Cuticura Remedies. Sold at the new drug store.

—Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is a marvellous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker-mouth and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints, without extra charge. Price 50 cts. Sold by E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-1,-e.o.w.1y.]

—The veteran editor, efficient letter writer to the FREEMAN, and hero of San Jacinto, Major G. Nelson Smith, of Philadelphia, looked in on his host of Ebensburg friends for a couple of days this week. The Major, though upward of seventy, enjoys good health and seems to need nothing physically speaking except a new pair of legs.

—The Mt. Pleasant *Dawn* tells of a man named Thomas Garrity, of that place, who, some months ago, was drugged and robbed in Greensburg, from the effects of which he has never recovered, and is now little less than a raving maniac. Week before last he was sent to the County Home, but by the advice of physicians he was returned to his friends.

—Col. Theo. Burchfield, a brother typo and foreman of the *Tribune* job department, Altoona, has tendered his resignation as commanding officer of the Fifth Regiment, N. G. P., but the "powers that be" have "sit down on" the movement. In other words they are determined that Burchfield and the tented field shall remain one and indivisible, so to speak.

—The following from the Altoona *Call* tells its own story: R. H. Thompson, the clever and polite superintendent of the Arlington House, is a first-class practical hotel man, and his many friends would like to see him become proprietor. The Arlington has certainly jumped to the front rank under his management.

—An Altoona lad named Harry Jacoby was shot in the thumb and breast, on Friday last, while fooling with a fifteen-cent toy pistol. The attending physician, if we can believe the Hollidaysburg *Standard*, which isn't much of a George Washington paper inclines to the opinion that the young man got at least fifteen dollars' worth of shooting for fifteen cents.

—Rt. Rev. Boniface Wimmer, O. S. B., Abbot of St. Vincent, and Prest. of the Am. Cass. Congr., will celebrate his Golden Jubilee in the priesthood at St. Vincent's, Westmoreland county, on the first of next month, on which occasion there will be a notable gathering to greet the venerable Abbot. All the Benedictine prelates in the United States will be present to honor the event.

—The dwelling house of Mr. Richard Adams, in Clearfield township, was burned to the ground on Thursday last, though not until all the furniture had been safely removed. We did not learn the origin of the fire nor the amount of loss, but presume that a defective flue had something to do with the former and hope that a full insurance has something to do with the latter.

—The strawberry season, now over, was marked by an unusually luxuriant yield. Raspberries and huckleberries are now in market, and the crop in both cases promises to be equally abundant. Lilly's station and Portage are the headquarters in this county for traffic in these fruits, and thousands of dollars' worth are each season shipped to Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, and other points.

—Mr. J. A. Kittell, an ex-typo and news paper publisher, is here on a visit with his wife and three little sons to the maternal home, and looks as well as in days of yore. Mr. K. is and has been for several months past employed as book-keeper for Mr. J. M. Schoonmaker, of Fayette county, the second heaviest coke manufacturer in that region, and we are glad to know that he is doing well.

—A quarter of a century ago the capture of a water turtle in these parts created a marked sensation, but of late years the amphibians have become quite numerous. What is called a common-sized one readily sells for fifty cents, and larger and smaller ones at proportionate prices. Turtle-fishing has this year become somewhat of a business, and the catch is bought by a local dealer and shipped to the Altoona eating saloons.

—The wind during the present week seems to have been out for a holiday, and one effect, and a beneficent one, was the filling and keeping full of the reservoir which supplies our town with water. At this season of the year it is generally the case that the windmill suspends operations on account of the absence of motive power, and the steam engine (at a big expense, by the way,) has to do duty in its stead.

—Harry G. Rose, Esq., of Johnstown, was sworn in at Argument Court, in this place, on Tuesday last, and is now a full fledged member of the Bar of Cambria county. Harry is a worthy young gentleman and for that reason we hope the Rose which has just bloomed in legal circles may rise as rapidly and deservedly in the profession he has chosen as his much esteemed uncle and preceptor, W. Horace Rose, Esq., late District Attorney.

—The Second Brigade, which includes the Fifth Regiment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, and of course embraces Co. A. of this place, will go into camp this year near Kiskiminetas Springs, on what is known as the Stewart farm. It is a level tract bordered by woods, rich with springs of water, and lying on a bluff overlooking the Kiskiminetas opposite Saltsburg, Indiana county, which is reached by a bridge. The encamp ment will be inaugurated August 9.

—Owing to the prevalence of small-pox in Johnstown, the engagement of John Robinson's Big Show to exhibit in that place on Wednesday was annulled, and the concern came through direct from Indiana to Ebensburg Wednesday morning. Despite the fact that one working day was thereby lost, it was probably a wise move on the part of the show management, for a tent which is spread for a mixed multitude in a small-pox town is thereafter as carefully avoided as a rattlesnake in the dog days.

—A black broadcloth coat and the back of a photographer's chair, with tassels attached, were lost on the Carrolltown road, about three miles from Ebensburg, on Monday evening of last week, and were soon after picked up and deposited on a fence by the roadside, from whence they were subsequently removed by some party or parties unknown. The owner, Mr. P. S. Reickard, will pay a liberal reward and ask no questions if the missing articles are returned to his photograph rooms in this place.

—"Guaranteed to cure," is the inducement offered to you to call at James' new Drug Store, Ebensburg Pa., and buy a bottle of Dr. Faust's German Cough Syrup. It is based upon chemical laws, and is prepared with the most scrupulous care. This medicine is warranted to cure consumption, coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and all pulmonary diseases. Remember an ordinary cough leads to consumption if allowed to continue without relief. Price, 25c., 50c. and $1 a bottle. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

—The Philipsburg *Journal*, one of the very neatest and newsiest weekly papers that comes to this office, has just emerged from a long-continued Bender, and is now sailing the sea of journalism under Baer poles. In other words, our old friend E. C. Bender has stepped down and out and our young friend W. J. Baer, late of the Mt. Union *Times*, has stepped up and into the editorial chair, which we trust he will find a very soft and desirable seat. May both gentleman, as well as the handsome *Journal* aforesaid, live long and prosper.

—Mr. John Robinson has never yet, either in youth or age, been connected with circus, and "sich," which "made promises to the ear only to be broken to the hope," and we have every reason to believe that his Big Show, which exhibits here this (Thursday) afternoon and evening, is fully up to the high standard of excellence he has always maintained. Go ye, therefore, and enjoy an entertainment which has seldom, if ever, been equalled, much less surpassed.

—A Petersburg correspondent of the Huntingdon *Local News* says that a singular accident occurred at the farm of G. W. Wilson, in West township, on the road leading to Mooresville, on Sunday morning. Mrs Wilson was engaged in milking one of the cows, when from some unexplained cause the balance of the herd, while then standing quietly in another part of the yard, suddenly stampeded, one of them running over Mrs. Wilson and breaking her shoulder bone.

—Old John Robinson's Big Show, which exhibits here to-day (Thursday) is not only what it claims to be in every department, the very best aggregation in the world, but all persons connected with it, from the highest to the humblest, have conducted themselves in the most commendable manner since their advent among us Wednesday forenoon. This is saying a good deal for a traveling exhibition in the abstract, but in this instance the compliment is as well deserved as it has been honestly earned. Let their good works go before them.

—A night-blooming cereus belonging to Mr. C. H. Barker flowered at the residence of his father, Hon. A. A. Barker, on Sunday night last, and attracted quite an audience to see it. This wonderful plant blooms only once in a twelve-month, and the flower it puts forth continues to expand from dark until midnight, when it reverses the order of things and gradually closes its petals. The flower, which resembles somewhat a water lily, failed in this instance to take on its full dimensions, which would have been little if any less than ten inches across.

—The advance press agent of Old John Robinson's Big Show, Mr. Knapp, is a gentleman in every sense of the term, as all who have any dealings with him are sure to discover, and the gentleman who came with the Big Show, Mr. John Lowlow, and scooped in the money and ticket orders, "cuts," etc., is well worthy to follow in his footsteps. Both are genial, clever gentlemen, with nothing Lowlow in either of their compositions, though always sharp enough not to be caught Knapp-ing in any emergency. May their paths in life be always pleasant.

—The twelve-foot windmill furnished by the manufacturer, Mr. E. B. Winger, of Freeport, Ill., and erected or to be erected for the purpose of pumping water from the artesian well recently completed at the county almshouse, was purchased at the remarkably low price of $48, although mills of that size are listed at $110, while the freight from that place to this only amounts to the paltry sum of $4.48. This is certainly a big saving to the county, and the Board of Directors, as well as the efficient steward, Mr. Lilly, are certainly to be commended for their action in the matter.

—Mr. George Gurley, one of Cambria's Commissioners, who for some time past has been in pursuit of a re-nomination for the place he now holds, appeals to his fellow Democrats through a card which will be found in our advertising columns this week. Mr. Gurley has been an earnest advocate of the right of the majority to rule in the matter of adopting any system that to them seemed best for making a county ticket, and fully impressed as he is with the belief that he did his duty in the past, he confidently hopes for the endorsement of his party at the coming primary election. If so be it so.

—The Altoona *Sun*, in noting the fact the other day that Mr. W. H. Grimm, leader of the McVeytown band, was to assist the Junior Greys of that city in furnishing music for the excursion to Coney Island, very naturally fell into the error of calling the objective point "Cooney" Island. That is to say, our sprightly contemporary seems to have fallen into such an error, though if the "true inwardness" of the thing was fully developed it may be after all that it was nothing more nor less than a far-fetched and exceedingly Grimm joke on our own beloved "Cooney," of the McVeytown *Journal*.

—The present season promises an immense supply of raspberries and blackberries. The boys know all about the prospects and one of that enterprising, wide-awake portion of humanity, who was returning from the "briers" on Wednesday with a small bucket full of the first named berry, gathered inside of an hour, informed us that this year would take the belt for raspberries, while the chances for blackberries he said were such that his limited knowledge of the use of words prevented him from doing justice to the subject. He said he wouldn't be afraid to take the biggest kind of a contract to gather them at two cents a quart.

—We learn from our attentive friend, T. R. Scanlan, Esq., of Carrolltown, that his mother-in-law, Mrs. Louisa Binder, of that place, died this (Thursday) morning, of dropsy of the heart, aged about 68 years. The deceased lady, a devout member of the Catholic Church, who had long been ailing, was fully prepared for death, and there is every reason to hope that she is now beyond the reach of sorrow and pain. Three sons and three daughters survive her, four of whom, Mr. Ed. Binder, Mrs. T. R. Scanlan, and two sisters, reside in Carrolltown. Mrs. Binder was a remarkably large woman, her weight being about 240 pounds. May her soul rest in peace.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* says that about 8 o'clock Sunday evening Mrs. Kane, of Prospect, tucked comfortably in bed her little child, aged about five months, and then went down stairs to attend to some unfinished household duties. Shortly afterward she returned to the room, for the purpose of retiring, and her distress can be imagined when it is stated that she found the infant strangled to death. It seems that in rolling around, the wraps were in some way drawn tightly around its neck, and part of the child's body was hanging over the side of the bed when Mrs. Kane returned. She hurried to release it, but there was no sign of life in the body of her little darling.

—They had a sort of epidemic of accidents at and near Johnstown on Saturday and Sunday last. Conrad Myers put a pistol bullet through his left hand; Jacob Swanger was struck on the shoulder by a falling brick, which produced partial paralysis; Jacob Knuff was pushed from a train by an angry brakeman and had all the toes of his left foot amputated by the wheels; Herbert Rainey fell from an apple tree and fractured his left arm; Martin Clark jumped from a moving train, alighting on his head and sustained concussion of the brain, and George Ross, a colored tramp, while stealing a ride on the cars, had his left leg caught between the deadwoods and broken in two places.

—The Huntingdon *Local News* of Monday tells the following sad story of man's inhumanity to man: A Swede who had been employed at the Rockhill furnace was sunstruck on Tuesday evening last, and lived but a hours. He was returning home after a hard day's work, and fell in the company's yard, where his corpse remained over night, and until late the next morning. When discovered, his fingers were partly torn off, it is supposed, by rats or hogs. His body was taken in charge by Mr. Harman, steward of the almshouse, and properly interred at the expense of the county. The citizens are justly indignant at the inhumanity of those who knew of the dead man's condition in permitting his body to remain out all night to be mutilated.

—A prominent Republican in this place, whose heart bleeds in theory for the poor negro, observed one of his colored brethren engineering some kind of a strange animal in the circus procession this forenoon, and addressed him: "Hallo! 'coon; what kind of an animal is that you've got?" The reply to this conundrum came in shape of a withering glance which must have pierced the heart of and no doubt brought to the mind of our stalwart friend the many shocking outrages upon the persons and feelings of the poor, persecuted "coons" so called even by their political worshippers, which those terrible fellows who live, move and have their being on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line perpetrate upon them every day in the year.

—A son of Mr. John Boynes, of Altoona, had his left hand burned and torn by the explosion of a Roman candle on the 4th of July, but as the wound suppurated and began to heal up, no serious consequences were apprehended until Tuesday of last week, when *tetanus*, or lockjaw, manifested itself, and on the evening of the next day the poor boy died. Like all other explosives, the fulminating compound in these fireworks is poisonous, and the least burn or wound is very apt to result in lockjaw. Even the apparently harmless paper cap of the toy pistol, as the Hollidaysburg *Register* remarks, is dangerous, for no less than eight deaths occurred in Baltimore within a few days, caused by seemingly trifling burns inflicted by these modern and cruel inventions.

A GRANGER OUTWITTED.—Oil-sharps from Pittsburgh a few days ago called on Samuel Fisher, a farmer living near Pleasant Unity, and asked him if he would take $200 an acre for his farm and give possession the next morning. After a good deal of talk he agreed to part with a portion of his farm, which has on it some valuable quarries and coal in abundance on certain portions of it. They agreed upon the number of acres he would sell and give possession of the following morning—he, however, making a proviso that he should retain the house. The papers were signed, and soon after the Pittsburgh capitalist selected all the land with the limestone quarries and all that portion that had coal under it. They took the land in front and rear of his house as well as that on both sides. They also left him a corner here and there and a patch occasionally that was of no earthly use to them, but that he could not use without trespassing on their property. He left the old man in rather a peculiar fix, as now he can't sell the remainder of his land, and is unable to use his house without their permission to cross their land. Had he accepted their offer, he would have received at the rate of $200 per acre for every foot of it. But as it now is, he has merely sacrificed his farm.

ALMOST A FIRE—AN ENGINEER COMES TO THE RESCUE.—Mr. W. B. Walker writes to tell us that the engineer corps which had its headquarters at the Blair House, this place, are worthy of all praise for "nipping in the bud" on Friday last what would have been a disastrous fire at the residence of Mr. James Noel, opposite Munster station, on the Ebensburg and Cresson railroad. The young men in question, although nearly half a mile from the scene, discovered the flames bursting through the roof, and hastening with all speed to the doomed dwelling, they constituted themselves an impromptu fire brigade, some clambering to the roof while others carried water from a neighboring spring. After half an hour's fatiguing work the gallant gentlemen had the satisfaction of seeing the flames subdued; not, however, until the roof was nearly all burned off, which, fortunately, was the principal damage done. The thanks of Mr. Noel and his family, as well as the plaudits of all their neighbors, are certainly due, and are hereby tendered. It this should meet their eye, the gentlemen of the engineer corps who came so promptly and worked so well on this occasion.

HAY FEVER.—For twenty-five years I have been severely afflicted with Hay Fever, and have tried many remedies without relief. While suffering intensely I was induced, through Mr. Tichenor's testimonial, to try Ely's Cream Balm. The immediate effect was marvelous. I have been enabled to perform my pastoral duties without the slightest inconvenience. Have been exposed to heat, draughts and dust, and have escaped a return of the disease. Rev. Ely's Cream Balm a cure for Hay Fever, WILLIAM T. CARR, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J.

HAVING been afflicted with Hay Fever for years I gave Ely's Cream Balm a trial; was much benefitted if not permanently cured. I have had no real attacks since using it. E. H. RAUCH, Editor *Carbon County Democrat*, Mauch Chunk, Pa. Price 50 cents. For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR AUGUST is a beautiful issue of this old favorite, and is fully adapted to the midsummer season. The Colored Fashion Plates form a picture worth having, and the steel Plate Illustration, from a model by Darley, is alone worth the price of the Book. There is a novelette by Mrs. De Bubna entitled "A Midsummer Drama," which makes a very pretty love story, and the usual rich array of shorter stories, poems, and sketches; Recipes, Hints, Work Games, and the ever reliable Fashion and Work departments richly illustrated. There is also given a Diagram pattern for a lady's evening bodice. Any of our readers who do not take the Lady's Book can be supplied, promptly, by leaving their orders at this office. We will furnish our own paper and the Lady's Book for the low price of $3.00 per annum. The publishers agree to start a subscription with any month you may select.

A FOOL ONCE MORE.—"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I sent for a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Such folly pays.—H. W., Detroit, Mich.—*Free Press*. For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg.

A YOUNG girl of Chest Springs who lived with a family of this place in the capacity of domestic paid a Fourth of July visit to her home, leaving here on the 2d, with the intention of returning on the 5th. She has not returned. On Monday of the present week two young gentlemen of Chest Springs came to town on a pleasure jaunt, being acquaintances of the girl, called to see her. They stated that she had taken passage on the appointed day for Ebensburg, and their astonishment that she had not arrived was great. She has not since been seen in Chest Springs, they said. There is a mystery in all this, but we do not insist that a tragedy will be discovered though the fact that the girl left behind her here all her clothing excepting the suit she wore, and has been gone nearly three weeks, certainly looks suspicious, to say the least.

IMPROVEMENT FOR MIND AND BODY.—For genuine merit there is no tonic sold that begins to compare with Parker's Ginger Tonic. One 50 ct. bottle contains more life and strength restoring power than a bushel of mait or a gallon of pure milk. As an appetizer, blood purifier and kidney corrector, it meets with astonishing success, and invalids find its use promptly followed by renewed energy and vivacity, mental and physical improvement, and gradual restoration to perfect health. See other columns. *Commercial*. [7-22.-1m.]

THE ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC NEWS.—The July issue of the *Illustrated Scientific News* teems with interesting illustrated articles, a few of which are as follows: The Doblear Telephone; Glass Grinding Machine; Ancient Pottery from Cyprus; Mechanical Larynx; Pleasure Car of the Days of Louis XIV.; Amateur Mechanics; The remarkable Palmyra Palm; Curious Fishes; Illustrations explaining the bursting of Fly Wheels; Designing Carriages. In addition to the numerous engravings, there is a large number of interesting, useful and practical papers, relating to various departments of popular science. This is one of the most elegantly printed and valuable periodicals. Sold by all newsdealers. Published by Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.—The August number of the handsomely illustrated and popular Ballou's Magazine is issued, and will be read with pleasure by its patrons, as there is such a variety in its contents that no other magazine in this country can surpass it. It should be in a hundred thousand families, for every home would be better for reading it, touching as it does upon a hundred different interesting topics.

Published by Thomes & Talbot, 23 Hawley street, Boston, Mass., at only $1.50 per annum, postpaid, and for sale at all the depots of the country at 15 cents a copy.

SPECULATIVE INSURANCE.—A new species of business, which we had hoped would ever remain a stranger to this locality, has lately been introduced into our midst. We refer to speculative life insurance. On the 17th of June last, an agent of a Selinsgrove mutual life insurance company, accompanied by a resident of a certain town that shall here be nameless, arrived in Ebensburg. Mr. Frederick Kittell, a long-time citizen, had for several months been suffering from a pulmonary disease, and his early death was looked upon as a foregone conclusion. The twain, accompanied by another party, called on Mr. Kittell on the day named, and by the use of the customary inducements held out on such occasions, prevailed on him to affix his signature to six (the number stated) applications for insurance on his life. The sums of money, represented by these several applications is to us unknown, but one of them, at least, was $1,000, and it was presented to Mr. Kittell's family, to make provisions for their support in case of the death of the husband and father, as was speciously alleged. The remainder of the policies, as we have reason to believe, passed into the hands of the agent, with the sums they called for transferred to his own exclusive use and behoof.

It may be that the rules of the company do not demand a medical examination of the condition of the applicant for insurance, but whether they do or not we are inclined to think that the examination was altogether superficial in this instance, and that the medical gentleman with whose name common rumor has been busy in this connection could, if he really had any part in the transaction, explain the matter to the satisfaction of his many friends. Be this as it may, however, Mr. K. became convinced before his death that the transaction was a base fraud, and under this conviction he surrendered the policy into the hands of his spiritual adviser, who has probably ere this made all the effort possible to prevent the final consummation of the villainous venture. As to the disposition made of the other policies we are of course ignorant, but if the gamblers in a human life which they knew to a certainty was fast ebbing away have a spark of shame in their compositions, neither of the policies will ever be presented for payment, and those who are insured in the company will escape being swindled out of the money necessary to meet a demand which would be even worse than downright robbery, provided of course that the speculators have full possession of their mental faculties and are able to distinguish right from wrong.

On the 17th of July, just one calendar month from the date of the policies, the mortal remains of Mr. Kittell were laid to rest. In this fact—the fact that his sands of life were so nearly run out that but a very few assessments could in the nature of things be made on the policies—it is to be found the secret of the interest manifested by these shameless swindlers in Mr. Kittell and family. For an outlay of a few dollars they were to pocket thousands. Speculative life insurance is a fraud of so pronounced a type, and has became so great an evil in some portions of this State that an effort was made to have it suppressed by the Legislature last winter. But, of course, that immaculate body pursued its usual course in regard to such matters, and refused to place on the infamy its seal of condemnation. An old man named Raber, of Lebanon county, was, it will be remembered, insured by speculators on this co-operative plan, in several companies for $35,000, but as he insisted on living too long, he was finally decoyed to a stream of water, thrown in and drowned. Five of the speculators were subsequently hanged for participation in the crime.

A correspondent of the New York *Underwriter* recently paid a visit to several counties where co-operative insurance flourishes, and we give a few extracts from a letter embodying his observation:

Selinsgrove, in Snyder county, enjoys the unenviable notoriety of being known as the "hot bed" of speculative co-operative insurance. Here the race for insuring aged and decrepit people and trading policies first became conspicuous. Selinsgrove is a little village of less than fifteen hundred inhabitants, but it has given birth to no less than six co-operative concerns, all at present in a flourishing condition. In Snyder county, one of the smallest in the State, there are now eighteen co-operatives in full blast, or about one to every 150 voters. * * * * * * * The owners of the co-operative companies are piling up fortunes. A very large amount of money flows into the little Selinsgrove bank weekly to the credit of the accounts of these operators. The village is a sort of Mecca to agents and solicitors from all parts of Central Pennsylvania. The reporter was somewhat concerned lest the inhabitants might suspect his mission as a newspaper man, and shut off the supply of information, but he was told that every stranger who appeared on the streets was popularly assumed to be a co-operative agent, and therefore, excited no comment. It was in Snyder county that the notorious Brandt affair occurred.—Brandt was an old tramp, about eighty years of age. He wandered into Selinsgrove, and was pounced upon by the co-operative speculators, watching for prey, as an admirable subject for co-operative insurance. He was engaged ostensibly as a boarder at Cooper's hotel, $25,000 insurance applied upon him, and he was furnished with unlimited whisky to drink himself to death. He was found dead near the railroad track one morning under circumstances that were, at best, unaccountable. The popular belief is that he came to a violent end. One of the beneficiaries cleared as much money in the transaction, that he enabled to purchase the Central hotel in the neighboring village of Sunbury, and he is now its proprietor. Among the other cases of speculative insurance which were brought to the notice of the reporter at Selinsgrove were those of William Witmer, Craig Moyer, and a Mrs. Bolo, who were all said to be consumptives when they were insured, and Peter Strawser, a pauper of Union township, on whom there was $5,000 of insurance when he yielded up the ghost.

As already stated, it was in a Selinsgrove company that Mr. Kittell was insured. We leave our readers to draw their own conclusions, which we imagine will not be very complimentary to the parties concerned, one of whom not only assured us that he had no pecuniary interest in the swindle (he didn't call it by that name), except what the agent might see fit to pay him, but also declared that no one in this place had anything to expect from the venture, if it is possible to think of such an unbridled fraud as worthy of the name of venture.

P. S.—The same parties are said to have made overtures to an old lady in this place whose condition is reported to be such as to induce the belief that she can't survive very long, but if they did, which we don't vouch for, they left her presence with a very large and very lively flea in their ears, so to speak.

CORONER MORELAND KILLED.—We are sorry to learn from the Johnstown *Tribune* of Wednesday evening that our worthy friend and subscriber, James Moreland, Esq., of Wilmore, Coroner of Cambria county, met with an accident near that place on Tuesday afternoon which caused his death the same night. He was engaged with a number of his neighbors in assisting to raise a new barn on the farm of Mr. Jos. Emigh, in Summerhill township, when a heavy piece of timber which was being placed in position became dislodged and fell. Squire Moreland was standing directly under it at the time, and the full weight of the stick struck him, crushing him to the earth. He was rendered insensible by the concussion, but with the aid of restoratives, applied by Dr. Baisdell, who was hastily summoned, he recovered the use of his faculties. An examination of his hurts was then made, when it was discovered that his breast had been injured, several ribs fractured, and that he also suffered internal injuries of a serious nature. He lingered until about 11 P.M., when death ended his sufferings. Deceased was aged about fifty years, and during his long residence in Wilmore enjoyed the good will and esteem of all who formed his acquaintance. May his soul rest in peace.

THE small-pox scourge has invaded Chest Springs, this county, much to the horror and dread of the denizens of that village and neighborhood. The loathsome disease was brought there from Johnstown, we are told, by three members of a family whose home is in that place, the facts in the case being that one if not both of the brothers, who had been working in Johnstown, contracted the small-pox, whereupon a sister of the young men went hither to nurse him or them; after he or they became convalescent all three returned home, where the faithful and heroic girl was soon prostrated by the terrible malady which still afflicts one if not both of her brothers. Hence the presence of small-pox, as well as the very natural fear and excitement which prevail in and about Chest Springs, from whence, if we are rightly informed, some five or six families have deperted and others, it may be, are contemplating a like movement. P. S.—Since the above was put in type a note from Postmaster Perry reports only one case of small pox, that of a little girl who came there from Johnstown, but says nothing about the citizens of that place being alarmed or excited, much less fleeing from the fearful scourge.

WANTED—A live, active man, to canvass two new works in this and neighboring counties Liberal inducements to a real good man. Apply to W. J. HOGAN,
Franklin St., Johnstown.
P. O. Box LL.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.—Special inducements are offered you by the BURLING TON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisement, to be found elsewhere in this issue. [3-18.-10m.]

A THOROUGH and safe remedy is Dr. METTAUR'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents. [7-21.-1m.]

READ THIS! HEED THIS!

IF A NEW SUIT YOU NEED,

IT WILL PAY YOU, INDEED,

This ANNOUNCEMENT to Read!

Having just returned from the Eastern Cities, where we bought and PAID THE CASH for enough

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING,

to stock our FOUR LARGE STORES, we are now prepared to furnish every man and boy to whom this comes greeting with

MADE-UP CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

at LOWER PRICES than they can be bought at any other house in Blair or adjoining counties. In proof of which assertion we submit the following facts:

WE ARE SELLING **A MAN'S GOOD SUIT,** lined throughout, for $2.75 This suit invites and defies all competition.

WE ARE SELLING **A Man's Good Business Suit** for $4.50. The same kind of a suit was sold last season for $6.00.

WE ARE SELLING **A Man's White BUCK VEST** for 60 cents, which sold last season, and was considered cheap, for $1.25.

WE ARE SELLING **GOOD SUITS FOR BOYS** from 8 to 12 years old, with long pants, for $2.40, which surpass anything of the kind you ever saw for the money.

WE ARE SELLING **NEAT SUITS FOR BOYS,** from 4 to 8 years old, at 75 cents, which astonish all who see them; and good **WOOL HATS** for men and boys at 40 and 50 cents.

WE ARE SELLING **MEN'S GOOD WORKING PANTS,** lined throughout, at from 65 cents to $1.00.

WE ARE SELLING **Men's Good Overalls** at 20 cts. and up, and good Cattco Shirts for 40 cents, sold everywhere for 75 cts.

WE ARE SELLING **BOYS' SUITS in 3 PIECES,** for any age from 4 to 8 yrs., for $2.00; considered cheap last season at $3.50.

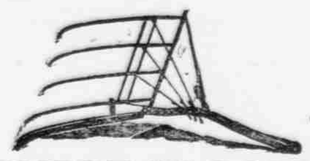
All the above described Goods and thousands of dollars' worth of other articles equally cheap are now in stock, ready for inspection at the

YOUNG AMERICA CLOTHING HOUSE

Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street,

Opposite Opera House, ALTOONA, PA.

THE BOSS GRAIN CRADLE.



HARVEST IS COMING!

AND NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO DO WITHOUT A GOOD CRADLE.

THE above "cut" represents the BEST in the market. It is made of *well seasoned* wood, put together *on scientific principles*, and is adjustable in all its parts, so that it can be easily and readily changed to cut any kind of grain. The fingers are all *movable* and the manner of *fastening* will be found a *great improvement* over the old method. *Each scythe* is hung correct, care being taken that *same are point heavy*. The heel of the scythe is not buried in the end of the snath, but being *movable* it can be adjusted for either light or heavy grain. FOR EASY RUNNING, GOOD, CLEAN CUTTING, AND SYMMETRICAL SWATHLAYING, the **BOSS CRADLE cannot be excelled.**

This celebrated Cradle was formerly known as the "Miller Cradle," but for the last forty years it has been manufactured by Philip McGuire, father of the undersigned, and of late years by the undersigned himself. It has been greatly improved and simplified, and is a much better implement than the old "Miller Cradle." An imitation is being manufactured, but a comparison will show farmers and dealers that **"The Boss"** is by far the best. None genuine unless MY NAME is stamped upon the snath. Any person selling any other make in the name of the Miller or McGuire Cradle *will be dealt with according to law.*

"The Boss Cradle" can be bought from Mr. D. EVERLY, Ebensburg, Pa., or may be ordered through any *Hardware dealer* in any of the surrounding towns and villages.

SEE "THE BOSS CRADLE"

And be convinced that it is the BEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE MARKET.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

☞ All persons desiring to have their *old cradles* repaired should send them in immediately, as it will be impossible to accommodate them if they neglect the matter until within a few days of harvest.

B. C. J. McGUIRE, Manufacturer,
WILMORE, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

JUNE 3, 1881.—6t.

Oh, what a thing is love!
It cometh from above,
And lights like a dove
On some.
But some it never hits,
Except to give them fits
And take away their wits—
Oh, hum!

In addition to the quality of love here described, there are a love of a bonnet and a love of a shoe.—The bonnet will of course come from the millinery, but the good and perfect shoe, for both men and women, can be got nowhere for less money than at S. Rudisill's, 1311 Eleventh avenue, Altoona. His stock was this week largely replenished with the best the Eastern markets afford, and the prices will be found low. He can fit you, both as to the shoe and the price, or we are no judge of such matters.

The summer days are gliding by,
Bright flowers all o'er the land,
And soon you'll hear these dreary notes
Throughout this blessed land—
"

(The original and only genuine Chinese Cream Camphor manufactured.—WONG SAM KEE & Co., Tea Merchants, 816 South Second street, Philadelphia, Pa.)

Chinese Cream CAMPHOR!

THE GREAT REMEDY

FOR THE

RELIEF OF PAIN

IN MAN AND BEAST!

Commands the attention of all who have been inveterate sufferers of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, FROSTED FEET, STIFF JOINTS, and all pains in every portion of the body. The seat of pain is reached by exciting the pores to action, thus enabling the curative properties of the CHINESE CREAM CAMPHOR to enter, which stifles the pain as soon as the affected parts are reached. The liniment must, upon each application, be rubbed in thoroughly; and in cases of Rheumatism of long standing it should be used three or four times a day, and four applications made each time, until cured. Care, however, should be exercised after the pores are opened, to prevent taking cold.

FOR HORSES

—THE—

Chinese CREAM Camphor

IS INVALUABLE.

It relieves Sprained Joints, Thrush in Feet, Sweeny, Poll Evil, Blood and Bone Spavins, Ringbone, and all hard lumps caused by kicks or other bruises. For Epizooty, Distemper, Fever, Colic, Loss of Appetite, and Weakness, use the IRON HORSE AND CATTLE POWDER.

☞ A half-pint bottle of the CHINESE CREAM CAMPHOR can be had for 50 cents from E. JAMES, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa.

N. B.—The testimonials of persons using this preparation, either on themselves or their horses, will be thankfully received.

TESTIMONIALS.

I have tried the Chinese Cream Camphor for Rheumatism and Nervous Headache, and have found in it instant relief. I have never found its equal in all my travels.—GEORGE BYSO, London, Eng., (Son of Capt. Sir Geo. Byng, R. I. N., Singapore, India.)

I used the Chinese Cream Camphor for a severe attack of Rheumatism in the right shoulder, and can sincerely say, after having tried several other well-known remedies, that it is the best thing I ever used, curing me completely.—MILLARD F. WATTOS, 117 N. 41st street, West Philadelphia, March 1, 1881.

After one application of the Chinese Cream Camphor I was relieved of frosted feet.—NATHAN ELKAN, 415 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 12, 1881.

Having suffered severely with frosted feet I used the Chinese Cream Camphor in two times, rubbing it in thoroughly, and was cured. My mother tried it for nervous headache, obtaining instant relief. —ALFRED S. TAYLOR, 1215 Melon street, Philadelphia. Jan. 15, 1881. [4-8.-6m.]

Is a sure cure for all ordinary diseases of Horses Cattle, Sheep and Swine. It cures and prevent CHICKEN CHOLERA. Your cow is certain to yield 25 PER CENT. MORE AND BETTER MILK AND BUTTER. STOCK FATTENS ON ONE-FOURTH LESS FEED!

Being in possession of a large number of excellent testimonials, I subjoin a few:

I have been using your Cattle Powder for horses, cows, chickens and pigs, and find it a FIRST-CLASS thing.—GEORGE BOWER, Germantown, Pa.

I have used two packs of your Cattle Powder on my cow and chickens. The cow GAVE NEARLY TWICE THE QUANTITY OF MILK she did before. My chickens were diseased, but were CURED IMMEDIATELY after I had used the powder.

Yours, truly, JONAS PARSON, Dallas, N. C.

I have used your Cattle Powder and must say it is the best for horses, cattle, sheep, etc. Tried it on poultry for many complaints, and with success IN EVERY CASE.—JOS. WEAVER, Berryville, Pa.

Last summer you sent me a package of your powder which I gave to my poultry, and have not had one drooping turkey or chicken since.—Mrs. WM. KNAPP, Orange, N. Y.

Send me a pack or two of your Cattle Powder. The pack I got from you last winter CURED THE CHICKEN CHOLERA. I gave some of it to a neighbor and it cured his chickens.—JOHN WILLIAMS, Spruce Vale, Ohio.

Address, for a pamphlet, F. A. MILLER, 331 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa. For sale by N. J. FREIDHOFF, Ebensburg, Pa. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP

Is superior to all other soaps. It is combined with Sulphur in its pure, unadulterated state, which enters the pores of the skin, thoroughly purifying the blood through the minute capillaries, and thus acts upon the skin, whether it be healthy or in a diseased condition, both locally and constitutionally, thereby eliminating all impurities from the blood and exciting the skin to healthy action. It produces a fineness, purity and freshness of the complexion which is unequalled, and can be produced by no other means. No toilet, nursery or bathroom is complete without it. It makes the skin soft, clear, pure, white and healthy; is cleansing, deodorizing, disinfecting, soothing, healing and purifying; removes dandruff, chafing, ulcers, sores, eruptions, roughness and redness of the skin; relieves itching, burning and stinging of the skin, and irritation of biting and stinging insects; will relieve Itching Piles when nothing else will have any effect. Ask for VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP; it is unequaled, and takes no imitation. Sold by druggists, Aschenbach & Miller, Proprietors, No. 301 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale by M. L. GAYMAN and E. JAMES, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [11-3.-1y.]

Hamburg Tea!

(ASK FOR LENGERICH'S, THE ONLY GENUINE.)

The Great BLOOD PURIFIER

And Purgative, which was known to the famous old Arabian physicians as early as the ninth century, is adapted to the relief of Fevers, Constipation, Febrile Complaints, Want of Appetite, Dropsy and Hemorrhoids. It has a decided advantage over all other purgatives, being more thorough in cleansing out the system, without producing the agonizing, griping pains and straining which accompany the action of other cathartics. When Pimples or other skin diseases are also present, shampoo the affected parts thoroughly with Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap. Aschenbach & Miller, proprietors, 301 and Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by E. JAMES, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [11-6.-1y.]

CELEBRATED H. H. H. MEDICINE.

Persons afflicted with aches and pains, and who have not tried the great H. H. H. Medicine, do not know its powers in removing pain. Give it a trial for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and particularly Diphtheria. A sure cure for horses suffering with Bone or Blood Spavin, Poll Evil and Colic. Be sure and ask for the H. H. H. Medicine, manufactured by D. D. Tomlinson, Philadelphia, as the popularity of the same has led other parties to put on inferior articles into the market bearing the same name Sold by druggists everywhere.

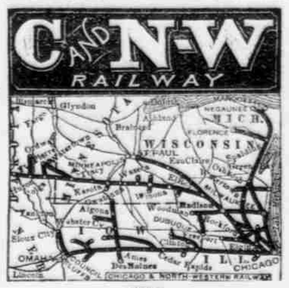
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with **HEEL** and **TOE complete**, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular, terms to agents. **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.**, 479 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take a pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.

L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

$2 Watches. Stem-winders $2.50. White metal Hunting Case $5. Imitation gold $5. Solid gold $12. Cheapest and best for your own use or speculative purposes. Valuable catalogue free. THOMPSON & CO., 182 Nassau St., New York.



THE

Chicago & North-Western

RAILWAY

Is the OLDEST! BEST CONSTRUCTED! BEST EQUIPPED! and hence the

LEADING RAILWAY

—OF THE—

WEST AND NORTHWEST!

It is the short and best route between Chicago and all points in

Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska, California, Oregon, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, and for

COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA, DENVER, LEADVILLE, SALT LAKE, SAN FRANCISCO,

Deadwood, Sioux City.

Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Columbus, and all points in the Territories and in the West. Also, for Milwaukee, Green Bay, Oshkosh, Sheboygan, Marquette, Fond du Lac, Watertown, Houghton, Neenah, Menasha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Huron, Volga, Fargo, Bismarck, Winona, LaCrosse, Owatonna, and all points in Minnesota, Dakota, Wisconsin and the Northwest.

At Council Bluffs the Trains of the Chicago & North-Western and the U. P. R'ys depart from, arrive at and use the same joint Union Depot.

At Chicago, close connections are made with the Lake Shore, Michigan Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Ft. Wayne and Pennsylvania, Chicago & Grand Trunk R'ys, and the Kankakee and Pan Handle Routes.

☞ Close connections made at Junction Points.

It is the ONLY LINE running

PULLMAN HOTEL DINING CARS

—BETWEEN—

CHICAGO and COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Pullman Sleepers on all Night Trains.

Insist upon Ticket Agents selling you Tickets via this road. Examine your Tickets, and refuse to buy if they do not read over the Chicago & North-Western Railway.

If you wish the Best Traveling Accommodations you will buy your Tickets by this route, and will ☞ TAKE NONE OTHER.

☞ All Ticket Agents sell Tickets by this Line.

MARVIN HUGHITT,
2d V. P. and General Manager, Chicago.

[4-15.] WESTWARD. [1y.]

THE GREAT

BURLINGTON ROUTE.

☞ No other line runs Three Through Passenger Trains Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City. Direct connections for all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California.

The Shortest, Speediest and Most Comfortable Route via Hannibal to Fort Scott, Denison, Dallas, Houston, Austin, San Antonio, Galveston and all points in Texas.

The unequaled inducements offered by this Line to Travelers and Tourists, are as follows: The celebrated Pullman (16-wheel) Palace Sleeping Cars, run only on this Line, C., B. & Q. Palace Drawing-Room Cars, with Horton's Reclining Chairs. No extra charge for Seats in Reclining Chairs. The famous C., B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars. Gorgeous Smoking Cars fitted with Elegant High-Backed Rattan Revolving Chairs for the exclusive use of first-class passengers.

Steel Track and Superior Equipment, combined with their Great Through Car Arrangement, makes this, above all others, the favorite Route to the South, South-West, and the Far West.

Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort.

Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada.

All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, &c., will be cheerfully given by applying to

J. Q. A. BRAN, Gen'l Eastern Agent,
336 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
and 317 Broadway, New York.
JAMES R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago.
T. J. POTTER, Gen. Manager, Chicago.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO

Battle Creek, Michigan,

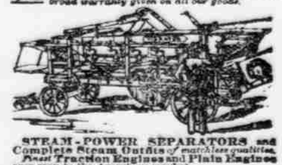
MANUFACTURERS OF THE ONLY GENUINE

VIBRATOR

THRESHERS,
Traction and Plain Engines and Horse-Powers.

Most Complete Thresher Factory in the World. Established 1848

32 YEARS of continuous and successful business, without change of name, management, or location, to "back up" the broad warranty given on all our goods.



STEAM-POWER SEPARATORS and Complete Steam Outfits of matchless qualities. Power Traction Engines and Plain Engines ever seen in the American market.

A multitude of special features and improvements for 1881, together with superior qualities in construction and materials not dreamed of by other makers.

Four sizes of Separators, from 6 to 12 horse capacity, for Steam or Horse Power.

Two styles of "Mounted" Horse-Powers.

7,500,000 Feet of Selected Lumber (from three to six years air-dried) constantly on hand, from which is built the incomparable wood-work of our machinery.

TRACTION ENGINES

Strongest, most durable, and efficient ever made. 8, 10, 12 Horse Power.

Farmers and Threshermen are invited to investigate this matchless Threshing Machinery. Circulars sent free. Address

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,
Battle Creek, Michigan.

Jan. 14, 1881.-6m.

Freidhoff's Block,

EBENSBURG, PA.,

CARL RIVINIUS,

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,

HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-27,'78.]

WOOD WEAVING.

We take the following details concerning a very peculiar industry from a recent number of *Cassell's Magazine*: One of the busiest towns of the manufacturing district of the Austrian empire is Ehrenberg, lying close to the Saxon frontier, and distinguished from other towns and villages for its curious industry of wood weaving—*sparterie* work, as it is called—which was introduced something more than a century ago by a carpenter named Anton Menzee. The threads used for weaving are no thicker than writing paper, and vary in width from the fifth to the twenty-fifth part of an inch. The aspen is the only tree whose wood is sufficiently tough and pliable to supply these threads in the required lengths. This tree was formerly indigenous to Bohemia, but has now almost entirely disappeared, so that the raw material for the *sparterie* work has to be brought from Russian Poland. The wood used for the purpose of weaving must be free from knots, as the smaller defects or irregularities, such as ordinary persons would hardly notice, make the fibers quite unfit for working. Arrived in Ehrenberg, the wood is planed and divided into pieces nearly 2¼ inches wide. When these have been made perfectly smooth they are divided again by an instrument resembling a plane, but furnished with a number of fine knife blades, which mark the wood at regular distances, according to the width the strips are to be. This process requires the utmost dexterity and nicety, as it is absolutely essential that the divider shall exactly follow the directions of the fiber, and for this reason, among others, it must always be done by hand.

The divider makes incisions one-fifth of an inch deep; the wood is then carefully planed and comes off in thin paper-like strips, some of them not wider than a stout thread. They are gathered up by women as they fall, and are examined and the defective pieces rejected. There is a good deal of waste in the process. The threads or fibers being ready, must be tied in couples at one end before they can be woven. This work is done by little children of four years and upward, who earn eight cents a day. The weaving is done chiefly by women, and on looms which differ considerably from those in ordinary use, the fiber being not more than 38 to 50 inches in length. The longer fibers form the warp, the shorter the the woof, which are passed in and out by means of a little instrument with an eye like a needle. Until within a few years this concluded the whole process—the "foundations," as they are called, were complete, and nothing more was done except that a few caps were made of them. These were of the simplest description, and anything but becoming, moreover, they were glued together, thus making them unpleasant to wear in hot or wet weather; accordingly they brought but 30 or 60 cents per dozen, and were worn by the very lowest classes.

Within the last few years, however, owing partly to the interest taken by the Government in the manufacture, a great change for the better has taken place. At present Ehrenberg sends out not only the raw material, but ready-made goods—fashionable hats of all kinds and a variety of fancy articles skillfully concocted out of the wood fabric; ladies' hats of every description and of the latest fashion, such as no one need be ashamed to wear, are made entirely of wood and sold at astonishing low prices. Men's hats are to be had of all shapes, from the Panama hat—not a whit inferior to that bought in Paris—to the common hats exported in large quantities to China, and the linings or foundations of which give stiffness to the fez of the Turkish soldier. The export trade embraces all Europe, from Spain to Russia, extends beyond the Caucasus to India and China, and maintains active relations with North and South America as well as Australia. The manufacturers are in direct communication with the four quarters of the world, and their goods are being introduced into Africa by French and English traders.

THE SUN CHOLERA MEDICINE.—More than twenty years ago, when it was found that prevention of cholera was easier than cure, a prescription drawn up by eminent doctors was published in the *Sun*, and it took the name of "the *Sun* cholera medicine." Our contemporary never lent its name to a better article. We have seen it in constant use for nearly two-score years and found it to be the best remedy for looseness of the bowels ever devised. No one who has this by him and takes it in time will ever have the cholera. We commend it to all our friends. Even when no cholera is anticipated it is an excellent remedy for colic, diarrhœa, etc. Take equal parts of tincture of Cayenne pepper, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, 15 to 30 drops in a little cold water, according to age and violence of symptoms, repeated every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained. —*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

A CAT STORY.—In the year 1783 a merchant who resided at Messina, in Sicily, had, it is said, two favorite cats, and their manner one day alarmed him. The two animals were anxiously endeavoring to work their way through the door; their master, observing their fruitless labors, opened the door for them. At a second and third door, which they found closed, they repeated their efforts; and on being set completely at liberty, they immediately ran straight through the street, and out of the gate of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct, followed the animals out of the town into the fields, where he saw them again scratching and burrowing into the earth. Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses in the city fell down, of which the merchant's was one, so that he was indebted for his life to the singular forebodings of these domestic animals.

SUNDRY HINTS.—Salt boxes are easily made, and should be provided. They not only economize in salt, but are much better than the ground for animals to eat from. All who have the comfort of their live stock at heart will provide the pastures with a few rubbing posts for them. They save fences which otherwise might be rubbed down, do the animals good, and add pleasure to the owner, who will enjoy seeing the animals use them. He is a poor farmer who does not keep his tools sharp. Better use up the grindstone than the extra muscle in working with a dull hoe or scythe. The few minutes that it takes to grind a tool will make the whole day's work an easier one. Grind the tools! —*Agriculturist for June.*

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.—In response to numerous requests we herewith republish, says the Altoona *Tribune*, the following extract which appeared in our issue of May 6th:

The *Scientific American* gives currency to the statement of a German journal that cases of tetanus, or lock-jaw, have been successfully treated by merely applying to the nape of the neck and along the spine large pieces of flannel dipped in hot water of a temperature just bearable to the hand (50° C). This remedy is certainly a very simple one, accessible to all, and should it prove a successful one would be a veritable boon to suffering humanity.

THE PRESSURE OF WIND.—In a paper before the American Society of Civil Engineers, Mr. C. Shaler Smith gives the results of many years' observations of wind pressure and its effects. He has personally visited the tracks of destructive storms as soon as possible after their occurrence, for the purpose of determining the maximum force and the width of the path of the storm in every instance. The most violent storm in Mr. Smith's records was at East St. Louis, in 1871, when the wind overturned a locomotive, the maximum force developed in so doing being no less than 93 lb. per square foot. At St. Charles, in 1877, a jail was destroyed, the wind force required being 84.3 lb. per square foot. At Marchfield, (Mo.), in 1880, a brick mansion was leveled, the force required being 58 lb. per square foot. Below these extraordinary pressures there were sundry cases of trains blown off rails, bridges, etc., blown down by gales of wind of from 24 lb. to 31 lb. per square foot. Mr. Smith observes that in all his examples he has taken the miniture force required to do the observed damage, and has considered this as the maximum force of wind, although, of course, it may have been much higher. Some of the hurricanes were very destructive, the one at Marchfield having cut down everything along a path 46 miles long and 1,800 feet wide, killing 250 people. Mr. Smith has formed the conclusion that notwithstanding these examples, 30 lb. per square foot is sufficient wind pressure to allow for in a working specification. As reasons for this conclusion, Mr Smith expresses doubts as to whether a direct wind or gale ever exceeds this pressure. Whirlwinds may exceed it, but the width of the pathway of maximum effort in these is usually very narrow. Mr. Smith has only found one example, already quoted, wherein the path of pressures over 30 lb. per square foot exceeded 60 feet wide. This pressure is in itself very unusual, and, referring more particular to railway bridges, it is stated that a loaded passenger train will leave the rails at this pressure of wind, and consequently not much could be gained by making the bridge strong enough to resist a storm which would blow a train off it.

THE following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice: "Let the jar, vessel or pitcher used for water, be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton cloth kept constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a freezing point. In India and other tropical regions, where ice can not be procured, this is common."

WIND AND WEATHER.—At a recent meeting of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, Mr. A. J. De Voe, of Hackensack, (N. J., sent the following ten short rules by use of which a Person can stand beneath his own vine or fig tree in any part of the Northern Hemisphere (north of latitude 15) and for hundreds of miles around him he can form an accurate opinion how the wind and weather are progressing:

1. When the temperature falls suddenly there is a storm forming south of you.
2. When the temperature rises suddenly there is a storm forming north of you.
3. The wind always blows from a region of fair weather, toward a region where a storm is forming.
4. Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is in progress, towards a region of fair weather.
5. Cumulus clouds always move from a region of fair weather, towards a region where a storm is forming.
6. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the north or northwest there will be rain in less than twenty-four hours, no matter how cold it may be.
7. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the south or southwest there will be a cold rain-storm on the morrow if it be summer, and if it be winter there will be a snow-storm.
8. The wind always blows in a large circle around a storm and when it blows from the north the heaviest rain is east of you; if it blows from the south, the heaviest rain is west; if it blows from the east, the heaviest rain is south; if it blows from the west, the heaviest rain is north of you.
9. The wind never blows unless rain or snow is falling within one thousand miles of you.
10. Whenever a heavy white frost occurs a storm is forming within one thousand miles north or northwest of you.

If any scientific gentleman has an idea that he can prove any of the above rules incorrect, I am ready and anxious to meet him.

IT is not generally known, but chemistry nevertheless affirms, that a certain gas is generated from ice. An ice-house is, in fact, a regular powder magazine, and people who have ice-houses should take care to secure proper ventilation. At a certain state of heat, the gas in an ice-house has been known to explode by the lighting of a match. The fact does not appear to be generally known.

I HAD Neuralgia and Palpitation of the Heart, PERUNA cured me. AUG. MELGERT, Pittsburg, Pa.

BROWN'S

IRON BITTERS

A TRUE TONIC

A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms*, such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.* **The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.** Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book, 32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—*sent free.* BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co., and have crossed red lines on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BITTERS

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

HEADACHE & DYSPEPSIA

A CURE GUARANTEED, 25 CENTS BY USING

DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS

HEADACHE CURED. DYSPEPSIA RELIEVED.

DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both **SICK** and **NERVOUS HEADACHE**; and, while acting on the nervous system, relieve **DYSPEPSIA** in its worst forms, cleansing the system of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.

A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a **complete cure**, mailed to any address on receipt of **nine 3-cent Postage Stamps.** For sale by all Druggists.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE MD.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞ CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

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SUMMER GOODS OF ALL KIND!

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1881.-tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

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are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Many diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Aloholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use natures remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1. (Will send post paid.)

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HISTORY OF COCHINEAL.

Cochineal (Spanish *cochinilla*, originally the name of the coccus insect, used in dyeing,) is a substance used in dyeing crimson and scarlet, and is employed in the preparation of the colors carmine and lake. It consists of the bodies of the females of the *Coccus cacti*, which feed on plants of the cactus family, particularly on the cochineal plants (*Opuntia Cochinillifera, Hernandezii*, and *Tuna*,) nearly allied to the prickly pear.

The cochineal plant is a native of the warm parts of America, and is cultivated for the sake of the valuable insect which feeds on it. This cultivation was practiced by the Mexicans long before the country was known to Europeans. It is now carried on also in parts of the West Indies and Peru, and in the Canary Islands, where it forms a very important article of commerce with Europe and United States. The cochineal insect is very small, a pound of cochineal being estimated to contain not less than 70 000 in the dried state. The male is of a deep red color, and has white wings. The female is winglass, and of a deep brown color, covered with a white powder, flat underneath, convex above. The cultivator procures branches laden with these insects, and keeping the branches till the mother-insects have laid their eggs, he places their bodies, with the eggs, in little nests formed of some cottony substance upon the cochineal plants, and the young insects, when hatched, spread themselves over them.

The gathering of the cochineal is very tedious, and is accomplished by brushing the branches with some soft brush, such as the tail of a squirrel. The insects are killed by boiling water, by heating in ovens, or by exposure to the sun. They must be quickly killed, to prevent them from laying their eggs, which diminishes their value. When killed and dried, they may be kept for almost any length of time without injury. The coloring principle of cochineal is carminic acid (C14 H14 O8), known in an impure state as *carmine*, and combined with alumina as *carmine lake*.

Cochineal is used for dyeing wool and silk scarlet and crimson. The colors are very brilliant, but not durable. They are easily spotted by water and alkalies. The mordants used are alum, cream of tartar, and tin salt.

IS HORSESHOEING USELESS?—A recent issue of *Frazer's Magazine* contains an article by Sir George W. Cox, in which he estimates that the English custom of horseshoeing costs the nation annually as much as $45,000,000, which might be saved if the horses were allowed to go unshod. He quotes authorities from Xenophon, who marched his horses unshod from Cudaxa over the Armenia Highlands to the walls of Trebizond, down to the "free lanciers" of the present day, and contends that it is safer, cheaper and better to let the horses go unshod over the hardest roads, and especially in the slippery streets of London. He estimates that over twelve million dollars would be saved in the farriers' bills alone; and he calculates further that the working life of a horse would be trebled by the change, so that a horse which is now worn out at twelve years would live to thirty-six. The figures seem somewhat startling and have hardly been sufficiently proved to be trustworthy. Meanwhile, it is said that a medical man in Waterbury, Conn., has not put shoes on his horses for two years, driving them winter, summer, spring and autumn with bare feet without any trouble. The doctor's theory is that nature has provided for the horse; that a horse can travel over all kinds of roads; that the hoof will be moist, and that the frog coming to the ground keeps the hoof properly spread, and free from founder and other diseases.

SAVING SEED CORN.—It is early to make the suggestion for saving the seed corn, but it is always in time to make a useful suggestion, such as we have frequently had occasion to present in regard to the greatly increased crop to be obtained from the securing of good seed. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: We do not think we would be far out of the way if we were to assert that the farmers of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and West Virginia are losing a million dollars annually on account of their neglect in properly selecting their seed corn. Going through the field in September, and selecting the best ears before the husks are entirely dry, and leaving two or three husks on each ear, then braiding from six to ten ears together, and hanging them up in some dry place—all this is somewhat troublesome, but it pays grandly; for the farmer provides himself with the best possible seed corn. It is not only sure to come up, but being possessed in the highest degree of vitality, the corn plants will show no puny growth, but will exhibit a rank, healthy and vigorous growth from the start. And where a farmer neglects to save his own seed corn, and he has a neighbor who attends to it in the manner described, he had better go to such neighbor and buy his seed corn from him, even if he has to pay four times the regular market price of corn.

BONE DUST AND ASHES FOR WHEAT.—An Indiana farmer gives the following account of an experiment with bone-dust and wood ashes as fertilizers for wheat. One experiment does not confirm any theory, nor does "one swallow make a summer," but either may serve as an indication:

"I applied 600 pounds of dry unleached ashes to the acre, and sowed wheat on that, and the result was only six bushels to the acre. Adjoining this tract I drilled in 200 pounds of bone-dust, and the three acres produced twenty bushels to the acre, being an increased yield of fourteen bushels over the tract sown with wood ashes. The following year I used 600 pounds of bone-dust on the plat where I had previously sown 600 pounds of ashes, and the result was forty bushels of wheat to the acre, being double what the bone produced alone. This experiment satisfied me that ashes alone or bone-dust alone would not give me a yield that paid to my satisfaction. This acre with ashes yielded six bushels; the acre with bone-dust yielded twenty bushels; but when the two were combined I harvested forty bushels. This shows that experiments and a small expenditure of money will do for the progressive farmer."

AN ALLEGED CURE FOR THE SMALL-POX.—A thoroughly qualified medical man, a friend of mine, has recently, in the course of his practice, come upon what he believes and uses as a specific remedy for small-pox. He refuses to make it known himself, but permits me to do so. The remedy is bi-tartrate of potash, the common cream of tartar of the drug store; two ounces dissolved in boiling water, with the juice of a lemon and sugar added. Let the patient drink as much as he likes, but not less than a wineglassful every hour. In some of his cases this medicine has exhibited the most wonderful curative effects. It will purge, but as it is perfectly harmless this will not matter, and it does not appear to be the cause of cure, the remedy acting specifically on the virus, the pustules collapsing, leaving no pits, a perfect cure following in a short time.—*Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

AN easy way to make hard water soft is this: Fill the wash boiler with hard water, then put half a teacupful of wood ashes into a little cloth bag, let this lie in the water until that is warm enough to use. This is worth knowing.

Is a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, with the iodide of potash and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-cleansing, and life-sustaining elements. It is the purest, safest, and most effectual alterative medicine known or available to the public. The sciences of medicine and chemistry have never produced so valuable a remedy, nor one so potent to cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. It cures Scrofula and all **scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples and Face-grubs, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ring-worm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, Neuralgia, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility.**

By its searching and cleansing qualities it purges out the foul corruptions which contaminate the blood and cause derangement and decay. It stimulates and enlivens the vital functions, promotes energy and strength, restores and preserves health, and infuses new life and vigor throughout the whole system. No sufferer from any disease which arises from impurity of the blood need despair who will give AYER'S SARSAPARILLA a fair trial.

It is folly to experiment with the numerous low-priced mixtures, of cheap materials, and without medicinal virtues, offered as blood-purifiers, while disease becomes more firmly seated. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a medicine of such concentrated curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and most reliable blood-purifier known. Physicians know its composition, and prescribe it. It has been widely used for forty years, and has won the unqualified confidence of millions whom it has benefited.

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Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many other of the best medicines known; it is the Best Health and Strength Restorer ever used—far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics as it never intoxicates, and Cures Drunkenness.

It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.

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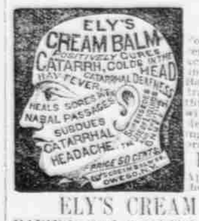
The Best and Most Economical Hair Dressing.

Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp. PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair to the youthful color, and is warranted to stop falling of the hair. *Sold by druggists at 50 cts. and $1.*

Nov.-12, 1880.-1y.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